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MY LITTLE LABORER.

A tiny man, with fingers soft and tender
As any lady's fair;
Sweet eyes of blue, a form both frail and slender,
And curls of sunny hair;
A household toy, a fragile thing of beauty:
Yet with each rising sun
Begins his round of toil—a solemn duty
That must be daily done.

To-day he's building castle, house and tower,
With wondrous art and skill;
Or labors with his hammer by the hour
With strong, determined will;
Anon, with loaded cart, he's plying
A brisk and driving trade;
Again, with thoughtful, earnest brow, is trying
Some book's dark lore to read.

Now, laden like some little beast of burden,
He drags himself along,
And now his lordly little voice is heard in
Boisterous shouts and song;
Another hour is spent in busy toiling
With hoop, and top, and ball—
And, with a patience that is never-failing,
He tries and conquers all.

But sleep at last o'ertakes my little rover,
And on his mother's breast,
Joys thrown aside, the day's hard labor over,
He sank to quiet rest;
And as I fold him to my bosom, sleeping,
I think, mid gathering tears,
Of what the distant future may be keeping,
As work for manhood's years.

"GIVE A DOG A BAD NAME"

BY ALBAY FONBLANQUE, JR.

CHAPTER I.

"AS THE TWIG IS BENT THE TREE INCLINES."

Florence Clavering, tired and jaded after a gay London season, went down to Scarborough for quiet and sea-air. Stanley Thornton, for the same reasons, went to the same place. They met without design, and fell in love without reflection. They had nothing else to do.

Florence was a pretty, dancing, flirting, common-place girl; Stanley a handsome, gay young fellow, with a great flow of spirits, and a small stock of brains. The course of true love with this interesting couple, passing, as it did, along a broad guage of three per cent., through considerable landed property, was smooth, in defiance of the old proverb. When the announcement of their marriage appeared in the papers the men cried out—"By Jove!" and the ladies "Indeed!" They then proceeded to demonstrate that the fair one who ought really to have been Mrs. Thornton was not Florence Clavering, and that the gentleman to whom that young lady should have sworn love, honor and obedience, was not Stanley Thornton. However, it was too late to mend the matter: the knot had been tied—a bishop had sealed the matrimonial noose, and an honorable and reverend had finished off the ends. An eminent firm in Lincoln's Inn, assisted by a celebrated conveyancer in the Temple, had joined the landed estate and the three per cents. in legal wedlock, and there was an end of bachelor and spinster forever.

Florence Thornton became a mother before she was twenty. For some time she was very delicate—devoted herself to her boy, and the gay world knew her not. By and by she gained strength, thought less of her new responsibilities and more of her old amusements. So the gay world found her again, and became all the gayer for the *rencontre*; for Florence suddenly discovered after a month or two of incessant gaiety that little Cecil was a cross, unloving child, who clung to the old nurse that tended and spoilt him, whilst he would have nothing to say to the beautiful mamma, who, between her engagements, sometimes honored the nursery with her presence. Later on in his baby life he pawed her silks with his bread and butter fingers, pulled at her feathers and flowers, and was otherwise objectionable. Occasionally he cried or made a noise when mamma had a head-ache after a ball. So an extra green-baize door was placed in the passage leading to the nursery, and Mrs. Thornton, silks, feathers, finery and headache remained undisturbed. It is wonderful how soon a passive victim to neglect is converted into an active object of aversion, and what admirable reasons can be adduced for avoiding the fulfilment of a duty when a pleasure is in the perspective.

Very soon after their marriage Stanley discovered that the society of Florence, his wife, did not quite compensate for the abandoned pleasures of his club, his theater, his lounge and his balls; whilst Florence found out that the companionship of her liege lord was anything but an antidote to *ennui*. They were too well bred and too indolent to quarrel, so they adopted the give and take system—so excellent in matrimony. Only in this way—they gave each other leave to take, they were both much too selfish to concede to anything else.

Thus, Mrs. Thornton had her engagements and Mr. Thornton had his engagements; when neither was previously engaged. Years passed, and young Cecil Thornton was sent to school. His principal holidays began at the close of July and ended in September. His father and mother were always abroad at this time, so that he either remained at school alone or else was sent to the country house in charge of the housekeeper.

When he did join his parents, Cecil was found to be a rude, unmannered boy, with such low tastes and habits, that his mother could not endure him in the drawing-room. How could it be otherwise? He had had no motherly, gentle hand to form his disposition—no female society to elevate and purify his mind—his companions had been grooms and gamekeepers—his neglected, unloved youth had grown weeds, certainly; but what else had been sown? He became a rude and ill-mannered youth. Whose fault was that? His parents might have polished him up to their standard of refinement if they had chosen to take the trouble to do so; but his little sister, five years younger than himself, was just then being tortured into a fashionable young lady, and the notion of her rough, boisterous brother being allowed to associate with her was not to be entertained for a moment. Moreover, the offender was tall and strong for his age, and his presence at home suggested certain chronological inferences highly distasteful to his lady mother's vanity. Cecil was sent, therefore, to Oxford, and suddenly, from a companionless, constrained boyhood, found himself transported into what he considered a manhood of glorious liberty and unbounded wealth.

It was the old, old story. He plunged into dissipation, and rose saturated and clogged with debt. He tried to shake it off, and only sunk deeper into the mire; then, finding the struggling against it useless, he wallowed in it helplessly. There was no vice nor absurdity of which he was not guilty. His talents were of a very high class. Without exertion he won several prizes and took honors in his examinations; but order and discipline he set at open defiance. At last he was rusticated for so long a term, that his sentence was, virtually, one of expulsion from the university, only without the harsh name, which, however, his angry relations did not scruple to attach to it.

His father paid his college debts and died a month afterwards, leaving all his property to his wife and an annuity of a hundred a year to his son. Before that son was one and twenty his mother had married again, and he was left without a home, without a guide, without a profession, to fight his own way in the battle of life, where he found at every turn relations and kindred formed into squares with fixed bayonets to oppose him.

There was a girl who lived in a village near the country house, where Cecil had passed so large a portion of his boyhood, and who had been his companion during many an otherwise lonesome day. The old, old story again. He loved her. It was by no means a desirable, even a reputable connexion, but he loved fondly and truly—consequently honored and respected her. But Cecil had a rival, the warmth of whose wooing was unrestrained by such considerations. After an absence of a few weeks he learned that she had fallen, and that the man who had effected her ruin was his own stepfather.

Was it not idle to talk to such a disposition as his of filial duty and respect after this?

I am not attempting to defend Cecil's conduct. I do not wish to cast reproach upon the dead. I have no dearer friend than Cecil Thornton, and it is only common justice to him to state his antecedents before I tell his story.

CHAPTER II.

THE "LAMB" AND ITS COMPANY.

About fifteen miles from Brecon, upon a road nowhere in particular, is a little wayside inn called "The Lamb." If you are accustomed only to recognize a hostel in the dirty, uncomfortable dens which infect small provincial towns, you would not pass by "The Lamb" without thinking that accommodation for man and horse could be obtained therein. The sign of "The Lamb" hangs, in a very unpretending manner, from a tree on the opposite side of the road, and is hardly perceptible in the summer time for the thick foliage which surrounds it; the honeysuckle, too, which twines round the porch, quite overgrows the board above the door, upon which is painted the information that coffee, tobacco and snuff might be drunk on the premises—a slight error in composition, to be accounted for by the fact that the limner had been paid in advance for his work, and had left a considerable portion of his earnings and his wits in the bar-parlor before he commenced his labors.

From all this let it not be supposed that the "Lamb" was not a busy "Lamb" and prosperous in his generation. He had company of his own that never failed him and they knew the way to his threshold blindfold—who played bowls on his lawn and skittles in his alley, or smoked pipes and drank "whiskies" in his chimney corner by themselves and their forefathers, day after day and night after night, from a time whereof the memory of "The Lamb" runneth not to the contrary. Moreover there was a famous trout-stream hard by; and the "Lamb" was, of course, the house of call for those who came to fish. Now, your genuine fisherman is generally a bachelor—sometimes an old bachelor, always a fidgety bachelor, and a bachelor particular as to what he eats and drinks. The "Lamb," therefore, like all places of resort for this species of *homo*, had a mode of cooking simple things which is not understood, madame, in your *cuisine*; nor to be obtained, sir, at your club. Incredible as it may appear in these times, the bread of the "Lamb" was made of wheaten flour, and the beer of the "Lamb" was brewed from malt and hops. If you wished for a bottle of wine, the "Lamb" could produce one in prime condition and for a moderate price, which would neither make you a murderer or maniac, whatever Messrs. Samuel Pope and George Cruikshank might say to the contrary.

Mrs. Morgan, the mistress of the "Lamb," was always tidy, cheerful and good looking. She could cook you a chop or a steak, and fry you a trout, to the twentieth part of a turn. Had you set Soyer against her to boil a potato for the one, or to melt the butter for the other—even giving him the run of the "Lamb," for his ingredients—where would he have been? Nowhere—emphatically nowhere.

One fine summer afternoon a stranger took up his quarters at the "Lamb," and a good deal of excitement amongst its frequenters was the result. In the first place, nobody knew who he was, and whence he came. He did not belong to the fishing, bowling or skittle clubs; and was neither known to, nor introduced by, any member of those fraternities. He asked for a bed for one night, and had already stayed a week. He was out all day, and remained in his room all night. At last, after due deliberation, it was settled, by the cronies of the chimney-corner before mentioned, in full conclave—

Firstly. That his name was Cecil Thornton, and that he "was something to do with London."

Secondly. That he was a real gentleman, albeit he had no other luggage than a knapsack and a fishing-rod.

* * * * *

"Well, sir, and what sport to-day?" said Mrs. Morgan one evening to her guest, as he was hanging up his fishing-rod under the eaves of the house.

"Very bad, Mrs. Morgan," was the reply. "Nothing to speak of—the wind was dead against me—only two brace you see, and very small."

"Indeed, sir! Why, my little lad was out, not above two hours, and he has brought home as fine a basket of trout as one would wish to see."

"Oh! but Willie, though a small boy, is a great fisherman, you know, Mrs. Morgan, and quite takes the shine out of a poor cockney like me," said the stranger. "By-the-by, can I have my room a day or two longer? I don't think I shall leave to-morrow after all."

"That you can, Mr. Thornton, and with pleasure, sir," said the buxom landlady. "I was only just saying how sorry——" but the sorrows of this worthy hostess were lost upon Thornton, for he had entered the little inn, and was leisurely divesting himself of his fishing gear in the kitchen.

* * * * *

"Is there anything else that I can do for you?" said Mrs. Morgan, clearing away the remains of Thornton's dinner the same evening, about an hour after the above conversation.

"Nothing, thank you," replied Thornton, "and yet, if you could spare me a few moments—sit down, pray—to tell me some something about the beautiful country, I should thank you."

Mrs. Morgan seated herself.

"I went somewhat higher up the stream to-day than I had before been," her guest resumed, "and came to a large house, in a park, upon the hill, to the right. Can you tell me who lives there?"

"Oh, yes, sir—'Squire Glamour—he lives in London mostly, but he has not gone this year on account of his lady's health; so you see Miss Fanny—but la!—how I do run on—to be sure. How are you to know who Miss Fanny is till I tell you."

"His daughter, I presume," said Thornton.

"Lor bless you, sir!—Miss Fancy—we called her Fancy, bless her heart—is his neice, and as fine a young lady as you would see in a day's march—why, I nursed her, sir!—for fifteen years my good man was her father's soldier servant—poor Colonel Glamour, sir, as was killed in the Affghan war."

"And her mother?"

"Dead, sir!—dead too—of a broken heart, nothing else. My Fanny is an orphan, though I'm sure I feel like another mother towards her."

"Poor child! one can tell that her story is a painful one, by the sad expression of her face," observed Thornton, musingly.

"Sad expression? Why, sir, Miss Fanny is as gay as a bird—her sweet, merry heart runs over with smiles and pleasant words. Miss Fanny sad! Lor, sir! I never saw her sad, and I've been fifteen years——."

"Miss Fancy, then, as you call her, is fair?" suggested Cecil.

"Fair as a lillie, sir; and as sweet—she will be nineteen come the 23d March next, please God."

"Then, who is her dark, pensive companion?"

"Oh, that's Mr. Glamour's own daughter," replied Mrs. Morgan; "a dear child, sir, but nothing to compare with my Fanny. You've met the young ladies, then, sir?"

"I saw two ladies by the stream, and I conclude from your description that they were Miss Glamour and her cousin. But hark! I fear that I am monopolizing your society too much, Mrs. Morgan; I hear loud appeals to you from below."

"Thank you, sir. Coming, coming! Then you won't leave us to-morrow, sir?"

"No, I must stay a day or two longer—fresh air is not to be had every day."

"Good evening, then, sir."

"Good evening, Mrs. Morgan."

And the good-natured, bustling mistress of the "Lamb" forthwith took her departure.

Thornton filled a very black pipe, with very strong tobacco—lighted it carefully, and smoked it slowly—studiously, exhibiting all that care and tenderness towards it which very short and dirty clay pipes appear to demand—gazing at it fondly, when the oil began to ooze through the stem, and polishing it lovingly, upon the sleeve of his ragged shooting-jacket—puffing, ever and anon, long thin volumes of smoke through the fragrant woodbine that laced the windows, and watching the thin, blue wreaths as they curled slowly away, and were lost in the twilight. But, after all, when night set in, and the stars were shining, when his cherished pipe went out, and, falling from his relaxed lips, lay broken to pieces upon the stones below, he did not alter his position, but stood gazing on, through the clustering woodbine, into the thoughtful twilight—thinking—thinking.

* * * * *

Breakfast is an important ceremony in a country house. It is more than an ordinary occasion for eating and drinking. Letters are received, newspapers arrive, and the plans for the remainder of the day are brought forward, discussed and settled. A pile of correspondence lay upon Mr. Glamour's plate as he entered the breakfast room with his daughter and niece the day after Cecil Thornton had broken his pipe.

"Humph! what a fool the man must think me," said Mr. Glamour, as he glanced over the contents of the various epistles. "Ha! ha! let them abuse me—it's their trade—who cares? Poor fellow, I cannot help him, though—I've no interest with such a set of— Ah!—"

"Now, uncle, do put aside those stupid letters," said his pretty niece, "and take your breakfast—it's getting quite cold—come."

"If you are not quiet, Fanny, I won't tell you what this is about," said her uncle.

"Why, it's the General's handwriting!" exclaimed she, trying to seize the letter.

"Yes, it is, Miss Impudence; he wants to borrow some womankind, he says; so, girls, will you go over to H— next week?"

"Oh, of course," said both young ladies, in a breath.

"He says he has to patronize some play-acting fellows, and wants some people to look pretty in the theatre and amuse him, and that you girls will do for want of something better."

"The general" was Mr. Glamour's younger brother, a retired officer of the East India Company's service—a jolly old bachelor of ample fortune, whose chief objects in life seemed to be to spoil his pretty nieces, and to give a helping hand to all sorts of struggling people who fell in his way. The kindly old man had had a hard struggle with life himself once upon a time, and knew the value to the recipient of an encouraging word, or an opportunity for winning it, boons which cost the donor nothing. I think we should none of us be any the poorer, and that this world of ours would be all the happier were more of us to follow the generous old soldier's example.

"By the by, uncle," inquired Fanny Glamour, as soon as the preliminaries of the visit to H—— had been settled, "have you given anybody leave to fish on our side of the river in the park?"

"Certainly not," replied Mr. Glamour, emphatically.

"Well, there was a man fishing there yesterday, was not there, Ada?"

"I don't think he was fishing, dear," replied Ada. "At least I did not see him throw his line once."

"He was trespassing, at any rate," said Mr. Glamour.

"No one hereabout would take such a liberty, I should suppose—he must be a stranger."

"No doubt," said Ada; from what I can judge, he is not a person who would wittingly offend. Whatever else he may be—he is a gentleman."

"Oh! oh!" said Mr. Glamour, putting down his knife and fork, and lifting his eyebrows, has he, then, made your acquaintance?"

"It is precisely because he did not attempt to do so, under circumstances which a less well bred person might have taken advantage of, that I venture to think, papa, dear, that he is what I said—a gentleman," replied his daughter.

"Well! but what circumstances? What circumstances? What happened?" inquired Mr. Glamour, becoming somewhat excited.

"Oh, nothing that need give you the smallest annoyance. Fanny and I were sketching on the rocks, just above the second fall, and my book accidentally fell into the river below. This person, thereupon, waded into the stream, got it out, and returned it to me without a word."

"Perhaps the fellow was only stupid," observed the 'Squire, continuing his breakfast, "and didn't know what to say."

"I dare say you are both right," said Fanny, "he may be very gentlemanly and very stupid likewise—two things by no means incompatible. But what can it matter? Let's talk of something else."

"With all my heart," said Ada, laughing.

CHAPTER III.

BEHIND THE SCENES.

General Glamour's "play-acting fellows" were the company of Mr. Lawson, the manager of the "South Western Theatrical Circuit," for whose benefit the performance at H——, "under the distinguished patronage of that respected friend of the drama," was to take place, "upon which occasion the celebrated tragedian, Mr. Monckton, would appear in Shakspeare's play of 'Othello.'" This important information was impressed upon the "nobility and gentry" of H—— by huge posters, of resplendent hue, pasted on every available blank wall in the town. Wonderful bills were these posters—it made you wink to look at them. Every line appeared in a different color and type, whilst the great name of "Monckton" blazed forth in the middle like the centre of a firework. They were marvelous bills, full of pretension and breathing defiance to all competing establishments. A striking contrast to them was the little old man who assisted in sticking them up, distributing also abstracts of their contents to the shopkeepers for exposure in their windows. He was about sixty years of age, and wore an old frock coat, buttoned up with suspicious closeness to his chin, where it was met by what had once been a very gay blue satin stock, now sadly faded, and ragged about the edges. His trousers were of seedy black, exceedingly luminous at the knees, and several inches too long for the poor shrunken shanks they encased. A well brushed hat was set jauntily upon the top of a decidedly theatrical wig, and a pair of old shriveled black gloves a great deal more than covered his hands. It was a kind, gentle face, that old man's; marked deeply by something rougher than time; but it wore to-day a smile, and there was in his step a lightness that had not appeared there for many a year. And why? Because upon the bills which he was anxiously having placed in the most conspicuous part of the shop windows was printed in large capitals:

OTHELLO............................Mr. Monckton.
DESDEMONA (first time).............Miss Davis.

Lily Davis was his motherless and only child!

Poor Lily! had any one told her a month ago that she would ever be called upon to perform the principal female part in a tragedy, she would have smiled at the ridiculous notion. A servant girl in a farce, a fairy in a pantomime, pages, guests and village maidens, who were to look pretty and hold their tongues, were Lily's *roles*, until one day by accident Monckton heard her reading Tennyson to her father; he made no comment, but a day or two afterwards, happening to arrive at the theatre a little before the time fixed for rehearsal, he asked her to read over to him some lines that were to be spoken by the lady engaged to act with him that night. Lily began with perfect indifference, merely, as she thought, to oblige one who in many little things had been kind to her; but as she proceeded her mind absorbed the poetry, she realized the situation and felt every word she uttered. The result was a genuine and unconventional conception of the part. Monckton was astonished, said nothing, but thanked her for her assistance.

After rehearsal he sought the manager in his sanctum.

"You wished me to play Othello for your benefit at H——, I believe, Mr. Lawson," said Monckton.

"Why, yes, sir, if perfectly agreeable to you, it is my intention to put up that admirable tragedy on the occasion you have named," replied the manager, majestically.

"Whom do you intend to cast for Desdemona?"

"There is but one person in my present company, Mr. Monckton, capable of enacting to my satisfaction and that of the public (to whom it has always been my humble endeavor to please) the beautiful character described by our great bard as the 'gentle Desdemona.'"

"And that is—" inquired Monckton.

The manager was surprised at the question: he drew himself up to his full hight (five feet two), placed one hand within his waistcoat, and prepared the air by a flourish with the other for the coming announcement—"Mrs. Lawson, sir!"

Monckton's handsome lip curled slightly.

"Now, Lawson," he said, "listen to me like a reasonable man, as I know you can be sometimes."

The manager bowed benignly.

"Mrs Lawson, I have every reason to believe, is an excellent wife and the exemplary mother of a very large family."

The manager winced.

"She is also—what is more to the purpose—a very fair actress in an extensive range of parts; but she has come to a time of life and acquired a certain dignity, let us call it, of figure, which seems to me absolutely to forbid her attempting such characters as Desdemona. Desdemona was not a portly matron, she came to an untimely death in her youth, and, consequently could not have had a son big enough to play Roderigo. I really think that if Mrs. Lawson consulted her own good sense she would much prefer playing Emilia—a part so much better suited to her talents, and, if I may venture to say so, her years."

The manager was dreadfully perplexed. He saw clearly the force of what Monckton had urged; but manager's wives of a certain age, good reader, you must know, always insist upon playing the most juvenile characters upon the stage. What was to be done? "I know very well, sir," said Lawson, "that my wife is not fitted to look the part, but," added he ruefully, "who is to tell her so?"

"I will," said Monckton.

Mr. Lawson's face brightened. It was quite evident who managed the manager.

"Then that is settled," he proceeded, "and Miss Mortimer shall be noticed for Desdemona."

"Miss Mortimer!" exclaimed Monckton,—"Miss Mortimer has no more idea of poetry and feeling than"—than you have, and he was about to add, but he checked himself, and substituted "a post."

"But there is no one else, Mr. Monckton."

"Pardon me, there is. If I am to play Othello, I must request you to cast Miss Davis as Desdemona."

"Miss Davis, sir! replied the astonished manager, "why she has never spoken ten lines on the stage."

"Quite time that she should undertake more."

"But Miss Mortimer——"

"Must be told to mind her own business."

"But suppose this little girl should fail?"

"She will not."

"Well, Mr. Monckton, will you undertake—"

"Mr. Lawson, you know my position here, and that I have never, till now, interfered with any of your arrangements. I ask this as a favor, and I tell you candidly that I expect you to grant it. Miss Davis has every quality to make a successful actress, and only requires an opportunity to become one. This you must give her."

"Well, sir, really, as you seem to have taken such a fancy to the girl," proceeded the manager, with a leer—

"Another such insinuation, sir," said Monckton, sternly, "and we part at once. I have discovered—no matter how—a spark of talent that you have overlooked, and perhaps might never have recognized. I give you an opportunity of fostering it for your own benefit—not mine. Take it or not, as you please; but understand that I do not play Othello with any one but Miss Davis—good morning."

Managers of theatres are autocrats, and do not generally stand such language as this from those under their control, but Monckton was not under Mr. Lawson's control, nor anybody else's—not even under his own.

I have now accounted for the smile upon the old billsticker's haggard face.

I am bound to say that Mrs. Lawson took her dethronement much better than might have been expected. Monckton had a quiet, firm way of putting things, and she was a kind, motherly woman. She did not mind resigning her part as Desdemona to give poor Lily a chance, but would have been torn to pieces by wild horses before she would have let Miss Mortimer have it.

The evening of General Glamour's "bespeak" arrived, and it was an anxious moment for Lily when the last din of the orchestra died away and the curtain rolled up. She knew that the ordeal through which she was about to pass would make or mar her for ever. If she failed, she would lose even the poor engagement that she had, for how could she endure the sneers and taunts of the jealous Miss Mortimer and her friends? Shall I offend unpardonably, my dear madame, if I suggest that your sex—who, if you please, can make any place, however humble, a paradise—can be equally successful in producing the unpleasantness peculiar to a spot in a contrary direction if you take it into your heads to try. We have a little experience, I think, in this world that we live in, of your capabilities in both ways, and let me tell you—who, of course know nothing about such places—that there is quite as much envy, hatred and malice—quite as much jealousy and backbiting—quite as much scheming and plotting behind the scenes of a theatre, as may be found in many a drawing room and library you and I wot of. Yet, believe me, also, if you can (so repugnant to all the prejudices of well regulated minds is the statement I am about to make), that all the goodness, virtue and charity extant are not on your side of the curtain. The footlights shine sometimes upon honorable men and virtuous women, and oh! upon how many weary hopeless, aye, and unselfish drudges. Do not let us be too hard upon these poor players, then, nor fling so many stones at them, lest, perchance, some day, a few of these missels might rebound into the private boxes and stalls and do irreparable mischief.

The play has begun and Lily is standing at the wing, book in hand, ready to go on the stage when the cue shall be given. As the time draws near a sickening dread steals over her—her eyes grow dim and her knees tremble; the stage seems to heave up and down slowly like a ship in a storm—the scenery dances about grotesquely—somebody is speaking, but there is such a singing in her ears that she cannot make out a syllable: she knows that somebody is doing something, but a cloud of dust and blaze of light blind her—she can see nothing. The callboy shrieks, "Now, then, Miss Davis." She hears this, and her first impulse is to faint—her next to run away and hide. She does not remember one word of her part, and has forgotten all about the cue. The book of the play falls from her hand—the stage tosses about more tempestuously than ever—the side scenes waltz more wildly than before—the noise and dust and glare have increased twenty-fold, till, when she is almost sinking to the ground with terror and excitement, some one comes up rapidly, pushes her with much gentleness, but firmly, towards the stage. There is a great flash of light—a faint cheer—a sob, a gulp, and it is all over. She's on! Desdemona is before the senate.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

OSCULATION.

"Charley, what is osculation?"
"Osculation, Jenny, dear,
Is a learned expression queer,
For a nice sensation.
I put my arm, thus around your waist,
This is approximation;
You need not fear—
There's no one here—
Your lips quite near,
I then——"
"Oh, dear!"
"Jenny, that's osculation!"

THE OLDEST CITY IN THE WORLD.

Damascus is the oldest city in the world. Tyre and Sidon have crumbled on the shore; Baalbec is a ruin; Palmyra is buried in the desert; Ninevah and Babylon have disappeared in the Tigris and Euphrates. Damascus remains what it was in the days before Abraham—a centre of trade and travel—an island of verdure in the desert—"a presidential capital," with martial and sacred associations extending thro' thirty centuries. It was near Damascus that Saul of Tarsus saw the light above the brightness of the sun; the street which is called Strait, in which it is said "he prayed," still runs through the city. The caravan comes and goes as it did a thousand years ago; there is still the sheik, the ass and the waterwheel; the merchants of the Euphrates and the Mediterranean still "occupy" these, "with the multitude of their wares." The city which Mahomet surveyed from a neighboring hight and was afraid to enter, "because it was given to man to have but one paradise, and for his part he was resolved not to have it in this world," is to-day what Julian called the "eye of the East," as it was in the time of Isaiah "the head of Syria."

From Damascus came the damson, our blue plums, and the delicious apricot of Portugal, called damasco, damask; our beautiful fabrics of cotton and silk, with vines and flowers raised upon a smooth, bright ground; the damask rose, introduced into England at the time of Henry VIII., the Damascus blade, so famous the world over for its keen edge and wonderful elasticity, the secret of whose manufacture was lost when Tamerlane carried off the artist into Persia; and that beautiful art of inlaying wood and steel with silver and gold, a kind of mosaic engraving and sculptural united—called damaskening—with which boxes, bureaus, swords and guns are ornamented. It is still a city of flowers and bright waters; the streams of Lebanon and the "river of gold" still murmur and sparkle in the wilderness of the Syrian gardens.

OLD PETE'S CONSCIENCE.—A colored brother who is conscious of the infirmaties of man and aspires to a higher and purer life, is seldom without words to express his emotions, albeit sometimes in phrase more direct and blunt than elegant. So it was with an old negro named Pete, who was very much troubled about his sins. Perceiving him one day with a down-cast look, his master asked him the cause.

"Oh, massa, I'm such a great sinner!"

"But, Pete," said his master, "you are foolish to take it so much to heart. You never see me troubled about my sins."

"I know de reason, massa," said Pete: "when you go out duck shooting, and kill one bird and wound anoder, don't you run after de wounded duck?"

"Yes, Pete;" and the master wondered what was coming next.

"Well, massa, dat is de way wid you and me. De debbil's got you sure; but as he am not so sure of me he jis chase dis chile all de time."

JOSH BILLINGS says: "I will state for the information of those who haven't had a chance to lay in sekrit wisdom az freely az i have, that one single hornet who feels well can break up a whole camp-meeting."

MARGERY DAW.

BY JOHN M. WATSON.

Sweet Margery Daw, she sings and works,
While I sit watching here,
And over the little street between
Her voice comes sweet and clear.
Her song is something about a maid
Who loved a son of the sea.
He left the maiden to weep for him—
That cannot be meant for me?

But every little while she throws
Her eyes across the way;
Oh, Margery Daw! those eyes of thine
Have stolen my heart this day.
You have it there, sweet Margery Daw,
Under your own white hand,
Crushing it down with your iron blows,
But from the furnace stand.

You think, my beautiful ruddy lass,
It is clothes you are ironing there.
But no, 'tis a human heart you hold;
And so, my love, beware!
That iron should fall with a velvet touch
When a heart is under its face,
And the heat that burns in its inner core
Be drawn with a wondrous grace.

And so, Miss Margery Daw, beware,
And handle that heart you hold
Not as if it were clothes you had,
But a sheet of virgin gold.
It was mine an hour ago, but now
It is yours till the heavens shall fall;
For I love you, darling Margery Daw,
Smoothing-iron and all!

[Collated expressly for the Bucks County Gazette.]

ANECDOTAL FRAGMENTS
—OF—
AMERICAN HISTORY And BIOGRAPHY.

XI.
The Force of Imagination.

Lorenzo Dow was once in conversation with a learned doctor, who contended there was nothing real, but that all things were the force of imagination. Mr. Dow, for a time, strove to convince him of the error by argument, but all in vain. As the Doctor with a great deal of self-importance laid his pipe upon the table, and turning his face toward the window, as he sat in his big arm-chair, said, "There, Mr. Dow," pointing to the opposite side of the street, "is a wagon as I imagine, but it is all the force of"—while he was thus speaking, and before he could utter the rest of the sentence, Mr. Dow had picked up the pipe, which contained a large coal of fire, and emptied the contents in the Doctor's boot. "What in the d——l (said the Doctor, as he precipitately turned round, and seized the boot with both hands), are you about?" "Nothing but imagination," said Lorenzo; "nothing but imagination!" So saying, he picked up his stick, leaving the Doctor to contemplate the imaginary influence of a burned skin, traveled on to the place of the next appointment, and there preached from the Doctor's own text—*The Force of Imagination.*

XII.
Enough for One Bed.

Emigration to the State of Michigan was so great during the years 1855-6, that every house was filled nightly with travelers wanting lodging. The Rev. Hosea Brown, an eccentric Methodist minister, stopped one night at one of the hotels in Ann Arbor, and inquired if he could have a room and a bed to himself. The bar-keeper told him he could unless they should be so full as to render it necessary to put another in with him. At an early hour the reverend gentleman went to his room, locked the door, and soon retired to his bed, and sunk into a comfortable sleep. Along toward midnight he was roused from his slumbers by a loud knocking at his door.

"Hallo! you there," he exclaimed, "what do you want *now?*"—particular stress on the last word.

"You must take another lodger, sir, with you," said the voice of the landlord.

"What! another one?"

"Why, yes—there is only one in here, is there?"

"One! why here is Mr. Brown, a Methodist preacher, and myself, already, and I should think that enough for one bed even in Michigan."

The landlord seemed to think so, too, and left the trio to their repose.

XIII.
A Revolutionary Matron.

Perhaps no remark of Washington was more frequently quoted upon patriotic occasions, in Virginia, before the late war, than this: "Leave me but a banner to place upon the mountains, and I will rally round me the men who will lift our bleeding country from the dust and set her free." The incident which led to this remark is not, however, generally known. But it is one which does immortal honor to the revolutionary matrons of Virginia, and lessens our wonder at the deeds of heroes who sprung from such a stock. It is thus related in Howe's Historical Collections: When the British forces under Tarleton drove the Legislature from Charlottesville to Stanton, the stillness of the Sabbath eve was broken in the latter town by the beat of the drum, and volunteers were called to prevent the passage of the British forces through Rockfish Gap. The elder sons of Mr. Lewis, who then resided at the old fort, were absent with the northern army. Three sons, however, were at home, whose ages were seventeen, fifteen, and thirteen years. Mr. Lewis was confined to his bed by sickness, but his wife, with the firmness of a Roman matron, called them to her, and bade them fly to the defence of their land. "Go, my children," said she; "I spare not my youngest, my fair-haired boy, the comfort of my declining years. I devote you all to my country. Keep back the foot of the invader from the soil of Augusta, or see my face no more." It was the narration of this incident to Washington which caused the enthusiastic exclamation so often quoted.

XIV.
Why Jefferson was Chosen to Write the Declaration of Independence.

John Adams tells the reason why Thomas Jefferson, out of a committee of five, was chosen to write the Declaration of Independence.

"Writings of his," says Mr. Adams, "were handed about, remarkable for the peculiar felicity of expression. Though a silent member in Congress, he was so frank, explicit and decisive upon committees and in conversation (not even Samuel Adams was more so), that he soon seized upon my heart; and upon this occasion I gave him my vote, and did all in my power to procure the votes of others. I think he had one more vote than any other, and that placed him at the head of the committee. I had the next highest number, and that placed me the second. The committee met, discussed the subject, and then appointed Mr. Jefferson and me to make the draft because we were the first two upon the list."

When this sub-committee of two had their first meeting, Jefferson urged Mr. Adams to make the draft, whereupon the following conversation occured between them:

"I will not," said Mr. Adams.

"You shall do it," said Jefferson.

"Oh, no," repeated Adams.

"Why will you not?" said Jefferson. "You ought to do it."

"I will not," rejoined Adams.

"Why?" again asked Jefferson.

"Reasons enough," said Adams.

"What can be your reasons?" inquired Jefferson.

"Reasons first—you are a Virginian, and a Virginian ought to appear at the head of this business. Reason second—I am obnoxious, suspected and unpopular. You are very much otherwise. Reason third—you can write ten times better than I can."

"Well," said Jefferson, "if you are decided, I will do as well as I can."

"Very well," said Mr. Adams; "when you have drawn it up, we will have a meeting."

Thus it was that Thomas Jefferson became the author of this celebrated document. Mr. Adams informs us that the original draft contained "a vehement philippic against negro slavery," which Congress ordered to be stricken out.

XV.
Franklin and Whitefield.

A friendship sprung up between Franklin and Whitefield while the latter was at Philadelphia, and Franklin became the publisher of Whitefield's sermons. His writings, about this time, contain frequent notices of Whitefield's power as a public speaker, and of the crowds of hearers which he attracted. One of his stories is quite amusing, and shows how even the philosopher was at length obliged to yield to the preacher.

"On the return of the orator from Georgia, with the project of founding an orphan house in that new colony, he consulted his friend Franklin on the subject. Franklin approved the scheme, but strongly advised that the asylum should be placed in Philadelphia, and the orphans brought to it, since Georgia was then destitute of workmen and supplies. His advice being rejected, he determined not to subscribe. 'I happened soon after,' says Franklin, 'to attend one of his sermons, in the course of which I perceived he intended to finish with a collection, and I silently resolved he should get nothing from me. I had in my pocket a handful of copper money, three or four silver dollars and five pistoles in gold. As he proceeded I began to soften, and concluded to give the copper. Another stroke of his oratory made me ashamed of that, and determined me to give the silver; and he finished so admirably that I emptied my pocket wholly into the collector's dish, gold and all!'"

A passage from Franklin's newspaper gives a striking idea of the power of the great influence of this great minister among the masses of the people:

"On Thursday last, the Reverend Mr. Whitefield left this city, and was accompanied to Chester by about one hundred and fifty horses, and preached there to about seven thousand people. On Friday, he preached twice at Willing's Town to about five thousand; on Saturday at Newcastle, to about two thousand five hundred; and the same evening at Christiana Bridge, to about three thousand; on Sunday at White Clay Creek, he preached twice, resting about half an hour between the sermons, to about eight thousand, of whom three thousand it is computed came on horseback. It rained most of the time, and yet they stood in the open air."

XVI.
Saving the Slaves.

In one of the movements by water against Vicksburg, during the siege, the national transports were fired upon by a rebel battery at Skipwith Landing, near the mouth of the Yazoo river. No sooner was the outrage reported at headquarters than the Admiral sent an expedition to remove the battery and destroy the place. The work of destruction was effectually done; not a structure which could shelter a rebel head was left standing in the region for several miles around.

Among other habitations destroyed was that of Mrs. Harris, a widow lady, young, comely, and possessed of external attractions in the shape of a hundred and fifty niggers, whom she had contrived to save from the operation of "the decree" by sending them up the Yazoo river. But Mrs. Harris was a rebel—intense, red hot in her advocacy of Southern rights and her denunciation of Northern wrongs. Although she had not taken up arms against the Government she was none the less subject to the indiscriminate swoop of "the proclamation;" her niggers, according to the document, were free, and if the Confederacy failed she could only *get* pay for them by establishing her loyalty in a court of justice. Her loyalty to the Yankee nation? not she! She was as spunky as a widow of thirty can be. She would see Old Abe and every other yankee in the happy land of Canaan before she would acknowledge allegiance to the Washington Government. Nevertheless, being all she possessed of this world's valuables, she would like to save those niggers.

"Nothing easier in the world, madam."

"How so, Captain? You don't imagine I will take that odious oath, do you? I assure you I would not do it for every nigger in the South."

"But you need not take the oath, madam—at least not *that* oath."

"I do not understand you, Captain," said the widow.

"I said you need not take the oath of allegiance; you can establish your loyalty without it—at least," with a respectful bow, "I can establish it for you."

"Indeed, how would you do it, Captain?"

"Simply enough. I am in the Government service. I command one of the boats of the Western navy—technically denominated a ram—down here in the river. Of course my loyalty is unimpeached, and, madam, I assure you it is unimpeachable. Now, if we could only say to the Government those niggers are mine——." The Captain waited for a moment to see what effect his speech was producing.

"Well," said the widow, impatiently tapping with her well-shaped foot one of the smoking timbers of her late domicile.

"In short, my dear madam, you can save the niggers, save your conscientious scruples, and save me from a future life of misery, by becoming my wife." The Captain looked about wildly as if he expected a sudden attack from guerrillas.

The widow tapped the smouldering timber more violently for a few minutes, and then, turning her bright eyes full upon the Captain, said, "I'll do it." Captain Sutherland was shortly after married to Mrs. Harris. Several officers of the army and navy were present to witness the ceremony, which was performed by a Methodist clergyman, and Admiral Porter gave away the blushing bride.

XVII.
Reminiscence of the Poet Whittier.

In the spring of 185-, I was a student out of health and out of funds. To be sure there was nothing remarkable in that, for students are apt to be in that way. But it led me to ramble toward the sea, and that took me through Amesbury, Mass., the home of John G. Whittier. I carried the universal black bag, filled with "pins, needles, thimbles, sewing silk," etc., which served me instead of a purse; to all intents and purposes, then, I was a *de facto* peddler, a class of individuals not generally mentioned the same day with the minister, nor thought much of in comparison with quarterly meetings.

When I came into Amesbury I was tired and hungry, with a long day's walk, without a dinner. I had little money in my pocket, so I depended on the bag. It was near dark, and Saturday night. I began the inquiry for a hiding-place for the Sabbath; but what right had I, a peddler, to expect any family to put themselves out to accomodate me? "There was a good hotel in the place." But with me a hotel was out of the question. And so I trudged on and got substantially the same reply from all. At length I turned into Friend street; I had entirely forgotten that the "Quaker poet" lived in the town. And going on indiscriminately in my applications, I approached a neat cottage, embowered in shrubbery and the yard adorned with flowers, and through an open window I observed a table piled up with books and newspapers. "Probably a lawyer or a minister," said I; "little luck for me, here." I rang the bell, and a tall, spare man, with prominent features and mild countenance, opened the door. From the portraits I had seen, I recognized him in a moment. I had stumbled upon the poet.

"Good evening, young man," he said.

I responded. But I was abashed, and, observing a hesitation in my manner, he invited me in. The benevolence in his voice gave me assurance.

"I am a peddler, sir," said I, "in pursuit of a place to spend the Sabbath."

"I would keep you with great pleasure," said he, "had I a place for you to sleep; but, unfortunately there is a quarterly meeting of Friends here, and I have my beds all full. But there is a good man who lives in that house (pointing), who will. But you look tired," said he; "are you well?"

I confessed I was not.

"I think Mr. Barnard will do well by you," said he; "if he cannot, come back to me. I am sorry to send you any farther. It is a thing I never do when I can avoid it."

I went to Mr. Barnard's, presented my request, and was at once received. But I had scarcely disposed of my bag and hat, when Whittier came in.

"You looked so pale, young man," said he, "that I felt I had not done right, and came on after you lest you should be compelled to walk further. I happened to think I could sleep on the sofa myself."

He then sat down and talked with me for an hour, while the good wife was preparing supper, as if I had been an equal. I was, in fact, for he compelled me to be. He would not even receive my thanks for his kindness.

The next morning he invited me with him to their meeting, at the plain wooden meeting-house on the edge of the wood near the village. He showed me all the conveniences of the house, how they divided it by a sleeping partition, etc. He then took me into his seat, and sat down with his hat on. Plain, intelligent, prim-looking men, tidy women, and neat children came in and sat down quietly. There was never a doubt what each one had on; they were all dressed plainly alike. And there we sat till the village clock struck twelve. Then Whittier gave me his right hand, and the congregation departed. The Spirit had not moved; not a word had been spoken.

As we separated at the gate of Mr. B.'s yard, he bade me the kindest of good-days, and I stood and gazed after him with more admiration and reverence than I ever felt for any other great man.—*Cor. Springfield Republican.*

BESSIE.

BY GEORGE S. BURLEIGH.

Six years old to-day.

Sunniest of sunny girls,
Merry as a dancing fay,
Laughing through her flossy curls
Like a sunbeam through the spray,
Where a melting mist unfurls—
Bonnie Bessie Grey,
Six years old to-day.

Darling of the hearts of all,
Perfect summer's mellowest ray
To the few whose coronal
Is her love-bloom every day
Opening sweeter, with no Fall,
Tender Bessie Grey,
Six years old to-day.

From the sunlight of her hair
To the small foot's twinkling play,
Every inch is sweet and fair,
Perfect grace from perfect sway
Of an inward music there!
Buoyant Bessie Grey,
Six years old to-day.

O, the sunshine of her heart
Fills her eyes as breaking day
The June heavens; and just apart,
See, her rose-bud lips display
How the folded petals start!
Blooming Bessie Gray,
Six years old to-day.

Slender birdling of the Spring,
How we bless the growing ray,
That still tempts her little wing
Not to spread and fly away;
Sweetest of the birds that sing,
Joyous Bessie Grey,
Six years old to-day.

From the Philadelphia Friends' Journal.

SILENT MEETINGS.

To persons not familiar with the mode of worship observed by the religious Society of Friends—the silence which they enjoy is neither understood nor appreciated. To them it is only an unmeaning nothing, mysterious and irksome. To Friends it means something. They recognize God's voice in the command, "Be *still* and know that I am God." Again in Isaiah, "Keep silence before me, O Islands, and let the people renew their strength." They recognize, also, that life should have quiet pauses in which to gather rest.

Silence has many phases—it has been felt to be painful, bitter, contemptuous, fearful: it may be awkward, rude, and very inapropos. It may, too, be very eloquent, thrilling, tender, charitable, sweet and touching. It is reverent and eminently devotional—

"How deep the silence, but how loud the praise."

There is majesty and power in silence: there is grandeur and glory. God works silently—is it then inappropriate that he should be silently worshiped? that his children should bow before him, waiting reverently, listening quietly, seeking earnestly that precious jewel, the *spark of divinity*, that lies deep down in every human soul? I have been profoundly affected by the grandeur of an assemblage of persons hushed into the soul's quiet—those luminous hours, when from its mount of vision it looks and takes observations which far transcend the scope and truth of its ordinary sight and reasoning. Truth will be clearer seen under these vision judgments than at any other time, for God comes to us by these intuitions of the soul.

In deepest silence creation dawned—no sound of forge or anvil was heard to rivet Earth's parts; quietly and silently, by a force which we cannot understand, atom was soldered unto atom.* Time silently but surely rolls on, the seasons come and go with noiseless footstep. In the calm evening blue the stars come forth, midnight advances, still in silent harmony the whole heavens sparkle with myriad of brilliant lights—morning breaks, and "silent as the foot of time" the sun fulfils his course.

There is no sound in the unfolding of the most gorgeous flower, none in the vanishing rainbow, none in the tiny blade of grass, growing by the wayside. Quietly the grains open and yield their treasures, and mother earth quietly hides in her lap the wealth of ages.

Silently the beautiful snow drifts down a royal robe of ermine. Quietly the wonderful machinery of our life-power moves on, the pulse throbs, the heart beats, the lungs inhale the air, the eye sees, nerve and muscle obey the will, and all so silently we are scarcely conscious of action. God's deepest truths are ever felt—not spoken.

Travelers tell us, that amid the eternal snows of the Alps, the silence is fearful; no human sound breaks upon the ear; no voice of beast or bird, or hum of busy insect speaks companionship. The solitary listener, beyond familiar sights, grows mad for a sound, so unspeakably awful is the stillness.

They who do not know of this widely manifested power of God, and speak lightly of the "spirit-movings," it is only charitable to suppose, cannot realize the power with which he speaks to those who thus draw near him.

That silent meetings are most favorable to that introversion of the mind by which communion may be established with the Highest, none who have ever enjoyed such seasons of blessedness can doubt; yet the word fitly spoken by God's ambassador is always acknowledged.

E. W. SMITH.

Wilmington, Del., 9th mo., 1873.

* Tyndall says: "Of the inner quality that enables matter to attract matter, we know nothing."

THE STUFF TO CHECK A BAGGAGE MAN.

Our readers who are accustomed to traveling, will take an exquisite satisfaction in learning that a regular baggage smasher, on an eastern road, has met his just doom. A Buffalo paper tells how it came about:

To him there came a shambling man, sad-eyed and thin,
Bearing an humble carpet-bag with scanty stuff therein,
And unto that fierce baggage man he spake with quivering chin:

"Behold this scanty carpet-bag! I started a month ago,
With a dozen Saratoga trunks, hat-box and portmanteau,
But baggage men along the route have brought me down thus low!

"Be careful with this carpet-bag, kind sir," said he to him,
The baggage man received it with a smile extremely grim,
And softly whistled, "Mother, may I go out to swim?"

Then fiercely jumped upon that bag in wild, sardonic spleen,
And into countless fragments flew—to his profound chagrin—
For that lank bag contained a pint of nitro-glycerine.

The stranger heaved a gentle sigh and stroked his quivering chin,
And then he winked with one sad eye, and said with smile serene,
"The stuff to check a baggage man is nitro-glycerine!"

We learn from the *British Medical Journal*, that M. Lindeman continues his investigation of the parastic bodies (Gregarindæ) found on the false tresses and chignons commonly worn by ladies. They are to be found at the extremity of the hairs, and form their little nodosities, visible, on careful examination, to the naked eye. Each of these nodosities represents a colony of about fifty psorosperms. Each psorosperm is spherical; but, by the reciprocal pressure of its neighbors, it is flattened, and becomes discoid. Under the influence of heat and moisture it swells; its granular contents are transformed into little spheres, and then into pseudo-navicellæ—little fusiform corpuscles, with a persistent external membrane, and enclosing one or two nuclei. These pseudo-navicellæ become free, float in the air, penetrate into the interior of the human organism, reach the circulatory apparatus, and produce, according to this author, various maladies—"cardiac affections, especially valvular affections, Bright's disease, pulmonary affections." M. Lindeman calculates that, in a ball-room containing fifty ladies, forty-five millions of navicellæ are set free; and he concludes that it is necessary to abolish false hair, which often proceeds from unclean persons.

Glass bonnets are among the novelties of the Vienna Exposition. These articles come from Bohemia, and specimens have been sent to Paris and London, and some also to this country, in the hope that they will become popular and be "all the fashion" this fall. The bonnet is described as made of loose pieces of glass, fastened closely together by a gutta percha band, which allows it to conform to the head. Inside there is a lining of silk, and the trimmings are various. Birds and flowers are chiefly used for ornamentation, colored so naturally that in appearance they are far superior to the ordinary artificial goods. A bonnet of glass weighs but a few ounces; they are very durable; rain will not spot them, and the cost is said to be small.

Bucks County Gazette.

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SALUTING THE AMERICAN FLAG.—A correspondent, writing from Rio Janeiro, Brazil, says: "A few days ago a most ridiculous affair happened in the harbor. An ice-ship from Boston entered the bay, commanded by a Captain Green, in the South American trade. Fort Santa Cruz, not recognizing his house flag, hailed him, and ordered him to 'heave to.' But the worthy skipper didn't speak Portuguese and the simple statement of the name of the vessel which he hurled at the fort, was not at all satisfactory: so a blank shot was fired as a mild suggestion for him to stop. But he called for his revolver, and, pointing it skyward, fired six successive shots.

Then a solid shot from the fort skipped across his bow, and another, better aimed, passed through his fore-sail. The fort and two shore batteries opened fire upon him, and several of his light spars were cut away. But he held on his course rejoicing, loading and firing his revolver. Finally he reached quarantine and came to anchor just as his flying jib-boom was shot away. He was then so near the other shipping that they dared fire on him no longer, and the police boat, the custom house boat and the health boat all boarded him, together with the captain of the port, who, with more vigor than politeness, wanted to know: 'Why he didn't heave to!' 'Heave to!' ejaculated the astonished skipper, 'was that what you wanted? I though you was salutin' the American flag!' 'Diablo!' shouted the officers in chorus, and set the case down as additional evidence of the lunacy which they regarded as a necessary ingredient of the American character.

STARTLING TRUTH.—The New York *Tribune* shows how the sins of the fathers are visited upon their children in the following:

The punishment of vice and intemperance does not end with the vicious and intemperate, but the great human family is so constituted that one member cannot sin without pulling down others. Thus, in appalling degree, are parents answerable for the weaknesses and vices of their children.

A man drinks moderately and steadily all his life, with no apparent harm to himself, but his daughters become nervous wrecks, his sons epileptics, libertines, or incurable drunkards, the hereditary tendency to crime having its pathology and unvaried laws of scrofula, consumption, or any other physical disease. These are stale truths with medical men; but the majority of parents, even those of average intelligence and culture, are apparently either ignorant or wickedly regardless of them. When our people are brought to remove gin-shops and gin-sellers for the same reason that they would stagnant ponds or unclean sewers, there will be a chance of ridding our jails and alms-houses of half their tenants. We have urged this point until it has become hackneyed and tedious, but how can we be silent so long as a fresh murder or suicide every day exemplifies the ghastly peril and its cause?

YEARS AND LEAP YEARS.—The year 1900 will not be a leap year; 1894 and 1896 will be leap years. To explain this we must give a short account of the change of style in the calender effected by Pope Gregory XIII. He found that the error of eleven minutes in the Julien calender had amounted to ten days. He therefore deducted ten days in October, 1582, and to prevent a recurrence of the error, it was ordered that every year ending a century should not be considered a leap year, except the multiples of the year 400. Thus 1600 was a leap year, but 1700 hundred was not, nor 1800, nor will 1900 be; but 2000 will be leap year, and every four hundredth year after it. In England and America, the Gregorian calender was not adopted until 1728; consequently, with us, 1700 was not a leap year, and we are eleven days out. These were substracted, and at the time, the measures enacting the alteration caused considerable uneasiness, and some few riots among the poorer people, who could not comprehend the matter, and raised the cry of "give us back our eleven days!" The Greeks and Russians still retain the old style, so that there is now a difference of twelve days between their dates and ours because they have considered 1700 and 1800 as leap years.

SABBATH PIETY.—Here is a bit of spicy suggestion from some anonymous source:—"There is a mystery about this effect of the weather upon piety. Sabbath heat seems hotter, Sabbath cold seems colder, and Sabbath rain wetter than that of any other day. For the same measure of heat, or cold, or rain, on a week day, will not keep one from his usual business. We need a Sabbath Almanac, circulated for our churches, that will show by its weather scale when it will be safe for a vigorous Christian, a weak and sickly Christian and a common Christian to expose himself on the sabbath by going to the house of God. Such an Almanac would enable pastors and superintendents of sabbath schools to know whom they could depend on in church, Sabbath school and prayer meeting. I have recently been examining microscopic views of the different flakes, a hundred or so of them. I would suggest to our curious *savans* an examination of Sabbath snow, to see if it has a peculiarly sharp and injurious crystal."

BURIED ALIVE.—An Irishman took the contract to dig a public well. When he had dug about twenty-five feet down, he came one morning and found it caved in—filled nearly to the top. Pat looked cautiously around and saw that no person was near, then took off his coat and hat, hung them on a windlass, crawled into some bushes and waited events. In a short time the citizens discovered that the well had caved in, and seeing Pat's hat and coat on the windlass they supposed he was at the bottom of the excavation. Only a few hours brisk digging cleared the loose earth from the well. Just as the citizens had reached the bottom and were wondering where the body was, Pat came walking out of the bushes and good-naturedly thanked them for relieving him of a sorry job. Some of the diggers were disgusted, but the joke was too good to allow anything more than a hearty laugh, which soon followed.

THE NOSE.—The nose acts like a custom-house officer to the system. It is highly sensitive to the odor of the most poisonous substances. It readily detects hemlock, hen-bane, monk's-hood, and the plants containing prussic acid; it recognizes the fetid smell of drains, and warns us not to smell the polluted air. The nose is so sensitive that it distinguishes air containing the 200,000th part of a grain of the otto of rose, or the 16,000,000th part of a grain of musk? It tells us in the morning that our bed-rooms are impure, and catches the first fragrance of the morning air, and conveys to us the invitation of the flowers to go forth into the fields and inhale their sweet breath. "To be led by the nose," has hitherto been used as a phrase of reproach; but to have a good nose, and to follow its guidance, is one of the safest ways to the enjoyment of health.

SUCKING EGGS.—"You see, grandmamma, we perforate an aperture in the apex, and a corresponding aperture in the base, and by applying the egg to the lips and forcibly inhaling the breath, the shell is entirely discharged of its contents." "Bless my soul," cried the old lady, "what wonderful improvements they do make! Now, in my younger days we just made a hole in each end and sucked."

JONES and Brown were talking lately of a young clergyman whose preaching they had heard that day. "What do you think of him?" asked Brown. "I think," said Jones, "he did better two years ago." "Why, he didn't preach then?" "True," said Jones, "that is what I mean."

"DO BATS ever fly in the daytime?" asked a teacher of his class in natural history. "Yes, sir," said the boys, confidently. "What kind of bats," exclaimed the astonished teacher. "Brickbats!" yelled the triumphant boys.

AN old lady was admiring the beautiful picture called "Saved." "It's no wonder," said she, "that the poor child fainted after pulling that great dog out of the water."

CIRCUS proprietors wish it distinctly understood that the term "sawdust swindles," which occurs so often in New York papers, does not refer to their exhibitions.

ENGLAND is celebrated for its fogs, France for its frogs, Ireland for its bogs, Maine for its logs, Ohio for its hogs, and Canada for its dogs.

Alexandre Dumas, *pere*, was one day asked to contribute ten francs for the funeral of a bailiff who had died in destitute circumstances. "What!" exclaimed the novelist, "ten francs only for burying a bailiff! Here are a hundred francs—bury ten bailiffs."

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

Bucks County Gazette:

JESSE O. THOMAS, Editor.

OFFICE—Cor. Radcliffe & Walnut Streets.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Thursday, October 9, 1873.

Next Tuesday is election day. The State being Republican by so large a majority, the Democracy have confined their fighting principally to the county officers.

Here, in Bucks county, the democratic majority being extremely small, the contest will be close, rendering it impossible to foretell the result. The Republican organ of the county asserts that if the Republicans cast their full vote they will elect their complete local ticket. The *Democrat*, on the other hand, claims a clear democratic majority of four hundred in the county. It is impossible for both of these assertions to be correct, and we shall have to wait until the smoke of the battle has cleared away, before we can distinguish the victors from the slain.

Pittsburgh claims to have in process of construction a pair of engines which will be the most powerful in the world. Reducing the capacity of some of the largest pumping engines to a uniform lift of one foot in twenty-four hours, it is estimated that the one at the Lehigh zinc mines (at Friedensville, Pa.), will lift 3,450,000,000 gallons; the pair at the Chicago water works, 4,500,000,000; the pair at Haarlem, Holland, 10,000,000,000; while the new Pittsburgh engines, it is claimed, will lift 14,240,000,000. The pair will weigh 1,500 tons, and cost $423,550. These ponderous pieces of mechanical work will be used to raise water into Highland Avenue reservoir, in Pittsburgh, a hight of 356 feet. It is estimated that they will raise 70,000,000 pounds of water for each 100 pounds of coal consumed, the cost being at the rate of one cent for every 3,070 gallons.

Senator Cameron arrived at Washington last Tuesday and sought the White House in haste. He had a long interview with the President, and reports that the latter as well as himself is strongly opposed to drawing on the forty-four million greenback reserve. The Senator is firm in his belief that the Secretary has no right to use the reserve, and to use his own words, "the money ought to be covered into the Treasury," and thus put an end to further discussion here. As for the use of the money in question, there is no doubt here that the Secretary has already used several millions of the funds to pay the first quarter's indebtedness, and, so far as known, nobody who would be expected to have knowledge of the fact has denied it. How the President, therefore, is opposed to its use, as asserted by Mr. Cameron, is beyond finding out.

Another newspaper gives notice that it has not time or inclination to devote its columns to wrangling with envious or rival editors. The *Cincinnati Gazette* says: "The business of journalism is now too pressing on our space to permit us to turn aside to reply to the snarlings of business jealousy, or personal spite, or to the vulgar chaffing of provincial calfhood journalism. We are content to attend to our own business, and would be glad if others were content with theirs But if an editor has failed to make his own business content with him, it is proof that he is incompetent to take charge of ours."

Real estate is the last kind of property to be affected by the panic. The *Tribune* reporters found investments made livelier than ever by the panic on Wall street. The only change we have observed in any of the reports of our exchanges is a closer investigation as to the real value of property of this kind. Men do not buy city lots without due inquiry as to how much city there is in the neighborhood, or how much water there is on top of the land. The effect of the panic seems to be to induce more care in the examination of values in all kinds of property.

The New York Liberal Republican Convention met at Elmira yesterday, 132 delegates being present. The Democratic nominees for State officers were adopted as the nominees of the Convention. Resolutions were adopted condemning the back pay bill and the President for signing it; favoring cheaper transportation; condemning the course of the Administration as having been the cause of the present financial distress; demanding a return to specie payment and the extension of banking facilities; and asserting the right of local self-government.

From reports made recently, it appears that the aggregate crop of wheat in the United States will be larger this year than last, although the yield per acre will be about the same, the increase arising from the larger number of acres under cultivation. There is an improvement in the amount and quality of the crop in Minnesota, Wisconsin, Missouri, Kansas, Ohio, Pennsylvania and New Jersey, but the Southern States, and California and Indiana will not have an average crop. The demand from Europe, will be greater than in 1872.

Regulations under the act of Congress establishing rules to be observed in the transportation of live stock, which went into effect on the 1st, have been forwarded by the Treasury Department to the proper officials, with instructions rigidly to enforce the provisions of the law. It imposes a fine of not less than $100 or more than $500 for confining animals in cars, boats or vessels longer than twenty-eight consecutive hours without unloading for at least five consecutive hours for rest, water and feed.

Mr. Joseph Arch states that he has come to this country because either he, with six hundred thousand of his fellow laborers, must bow to tyranny, or they must emigrate. If he finds that there are freedom, plenty, and happiness, in Canada or the United States, and English farmers continue to crush them, he will stay here five years till he has brought the men out.

The Senate Committee on Privileges and Elections, Mr. Morton chairman, held a secret meeting in New York Monday. It is said they drafted an amendment to the Constitution providing for a more practical method of electing the President and Vice President, and for a tribunal to decide all contested questions arising in Presidential elections.

The Grangers of Ross and Pickaway counties, Ohio, have called a meeting to devise means for purchasing their supplies from first hands. A warehouse will probably be established either at Chilicothe or Circleville for the distribution of supplies. In the counties named there are seven subordinate granges.

Governor Powers, of Mississippi, has called an extra session of the Legislature of that State, to meet on the 20th inst., to amend the election laws and transact such other important business as he may especially recommend for consideration.

The Post-office Department is negotiating for an interchange of postal cards with Austria and the German States at the rate of 2 cents and it is believed that a treaty for the purpose will be concluded by December 1st. A similar proposition has been declined by Great Britain.

Rear Admiral Goldsborough has been placed on the retired list, at his own request, he having been in the naval service more than forty years. Commodore Enoch G. Parrott will assume command of the Asiatic fleet, instead of the retired admiral.

[For the Bucks County Gazette.]

A GLANCE AT THE WEST.

BY JONAL WEBSTER.

GOING WEST.

Bidding my newly made friends adieu, we board the overland express to "go west." This expression seems strange to us, but at Omaha we learn the country stretches two thousand miles towards the Pacific coast, and as we wave adieu, and the conductor says "all aboard," we heave a sigh of relief, and immediately take a position in the rear end of the last car, for observation. As we pull out from civilization, with cars laden with passengers for the plains, mountains, mining regions, and the Pacific coast, we examine our pistols, so as not to be caught "napping" when the bloody red-skins cross our path, and peep through the car windows to see scrub-oak and mangel-wurtzel, whirled by. The engines labor hard and the dense volumes of black smoke and heavy puffs tell us of the steep grade; these are the river hills extending twelve miles west of Omaha.

PLATTE VALLEY.

In a few minutes we emerge into the broad open valley of the Platte, and our eyes sparkle at the wonderful length and breadth of nature. The great Buffalo range is before us—miles and miles of rolling prairie, stretching far away on both sides of this singular river, the blue prairie grass undulates in the gentle breeze, and the landscape looks like one giant field cleared of every stick, tree and stone. Our train bowled along over this natural road-bed at the rate of thirty miles an hour; and as the bright sun sparkles on the beautiful river, and all nature looks gay, we dream of a farmer's life in all its purity and independence, and wonder that the tillers of the soil on our over-worked and over-worn acres in the States do not pitch their tents in this happy valley.

Four hundred miles this garden of the New World extends west. It has been said, when you see fifty miles of the valley of the Platte, you have seen it all. Extending to the foot of the Rocky mountains, its area is large enough to pasture the flocks of the universe. The Union Pacific, through the Subsidy Land Grant, own ten millions of these fertile acres, every alternate section for twenty miles wide, yet there remains enough to give every poor man a farm.

If Uncle Sam was rich enough to give us all a farm, as he once was, how many would take advantage of his generosity here?

The first station is Elkhorn, and no flag being out, we thunder by for Fremont, a neat frame town of five hundred people, well surrounded by thrifty farmers. A large wheat elevator and well built station-house adds a business air to the place. Again our engine snorts on his race across the Continent, the valley widens, and the prairies run off into the horizon. A few stunted trees skirt the edge of the river, and we exclaim,

> "A lovelier country never was seen,
> Save that near the well of St. Keyne."

At "Schuyler," named after our gentlemanly Speaker of the House, we take water, and are soon under way, and arrive at Columbus, a beautiful little city at the mouth of the Loup Fork, which here pays tribute to the Platte, ninety-one miles west of Omaha. Columbus, the expected future capital of Nebraska, is the home of Major North, a Government scout and a commander of the Pawnee scouts and reservation. For years he has led these Indian braves against the warlike Sioux, and the Government hold his services in high esteem. Columbus is a German settlement; only a short number of years ago a few settlers selected this spot, and being so poor many of them could not afford a team, yoked up a cow and a horse and went to work breaking prairie. This indomitable energy and a few prosperous seasons, has made one of the wealthiest communities in Nebraska. The *Platte Journal*, published by M. K. Turner, is a power among the "Bug Eaters," (as the Nebraskians are called), and circulates all up and down this fertile valley. We again hear the word of warning from our conductor, and soon are on board, whirling along to Silver Creek and Lone Tree. Silver Creek is a beautiful stream, threading its way through the Central part of the State, and runs into the Platte near the station of the same name.

LONE TREE—TEXAS RANGERS.

Lone Tree station is named from a sturdy cottonwood that spreads out in umbrageous folds, and reminds the tourist of some sentinel guarding the place. From the scarcity of timber in Nebraska, trees become objects of more veneration than among our own forest States. We are gliding along again, and whistle down brakes for supper at Grand Island, a city of over a thousand population, and named after the largest island in the Platte river. This is head-quarters for the cattle-men. Back of the town, looking like specks in the distance, we saw a great moving mass of these Texas rangers, numbering three thousand "hoofs." Being nearly dark, the camp fires were lighted, and the curling smoke bespoke the approach of the hardy herders' evening meal. From one of these "rounders" I gathered a few ideas of this nomadic life. These mighty herds are purchased on the Brazos and Rio Grande rivers in Texas, at a few dollars a head, early in the spring, and are known as stock cattle; then driven through Arkansas and the Indian Territory to the Little Blue and the Platte, to graze upon the rich prairie and buffalo grasses for the fall markets. As he pointed out the browsing herd in the valley, and told as how peaceful they were now, at the approach of a storm those long-legged, long-horned leaders would stampede a whole herd and run fifty miles before stopping. To hold three thousand hoofs in surveilance and keep them from breaking, were twenty men riding round the herd, or "rounding them up," as the herders call it. The Bronco ponies used are native to the plains, and live on grass the year round, and never requiring to be shod; keen as their riders, they watch every movement of the herd, and at any breaking of the lines or great temerity of the leaders, spring forward to the unruly portion of the herd.

To see a herd of wild cattle on the plains by moonlight, as their dark and lumbersome visages greet our eye, and heavy thud of tramping feet penetrate our ears, with camp fires burning, picketed ponies, men, dogs, Texas carts, blankets and guns, and all the paraphanalia of out-door life in one representation, seems more like an army of soldiers in bivouac that a moving mass of quadruped life. But we are again on our way, and the rattle of the rail and the puff of the engine is pleasant music to the ear: with every mile we are nearer the great Rocky Mountains, so often looked and wondered upon in our boyhood days, as we glanced at the map.

UP THE VALLEY.

Passing smiling ranches, and the homes of the squatter, as he lives in his half civilized state, underneath the ground in the famous "dug out" of the West—passing miles of waving grain, we gradually ascend in altitude, although far away from the mountains, peering out into the night until our eyelids are heavy, we view the broad sheet of water of this treacherous Platte; passing on and on by Wood river, old Fort Kearney, Boyd's ranche, and Dobe-town (built of adobe bricks), tired nature gives way, and we turn in to sleep, one day out from Omaha in our four days trip across the Continent.

PETRIFACTIONS IN NEBRASKA.

Before going to sleep, we will speak of the petrifactions of Western Nebraska. Along some of the streams have been picked up solid stone fish, petrified, and looking almost as natural as life; bones of animals, blocks of wood, bunches of moss, and other animate and inanimate matter. These fossils bring home to us the fact that life is a continual change, and the study of nature deep. The action of the elements, in their mysterious ways, have puzzled the human brain, and the weakness of man before the sublimity and grandeur of nature, is so startling, that he appears a mere pigmy, surrounded by giants.

MORNING.

At early morning we passed Fort McPherson, with its listless, dreamy, staring soldiers, huddled together in their low quarters, and approach North Platte for breakfast, two hundred and ninety-one miles out. Antelope steaks, tender and juicy, with other accompaniments, help fill the bill of fare. This place was a terminus of the road during one winter, and consequently is of some importance outside of the fine eating-house. Here is the first principal bridge crossing the north fork of the Platte. We change our engines, pick our teeth, and wonder how many Indians will place rails on the track at our approach, for we are in the Indian country. The captain of the train assures us Government soldiers are stationed all along the line, and our fears are laid aside. This is the commencement of the North Platte division, the road having five and a new conductor for each. We preferred to keep our old conductor with us, but must hasten to say adieu, and we bustle on board, and the "wheel squeezers" (brakesmen) let off the brakes with a rumble, we again puff away. The engine sneezes a few times, but gradually gets us under a lively run; the conductor perforates the tickets; the porters awake up under the influence of the Pullman superintendent; the passengers yawn out of a morpheus-like state, and we begin to lose sight of the rich prairie grass and green appearance of the landscape, for we are on the ascent and passing into the sandy and alkali districts. An occasional wolf, with his sneak-thief appearance, runs across the hills, and with a lean, hungry look, stops at the summit to watch the trains go by. A prairie-dog town of thousands of mounds of dirt alongside their holes, with dogs frisking about, dodging in and out and tumbling on the prairie, is a sight truly novel and interesting to us. It is said an owl, rattlesnake and prairie dog will all live in the same hole; but from whence comes the affinity of these strange creatures no one can tell.

We are now about seventy miles east of Cheyenne, having passed O'Fallows, Alkali, Antelope, Pine Bluffs, and Julesburgh, the latter of which is nought but a name, as every vestige of this wicked place has been swept away. During the building of the road, Julesburg was called "Hell on Wheels," for when the graders and track-layers had finished their day's work, all begrimmed with dust and toil, they would spend their nights in fearful debauchery. Whiskey-shops ran the live-long night; dance houses and gambling hells were crowded by intoxicated, half-crazed crowds; bloody affrays were frequent, and only such spirits as "Jack Morrow," "Jack Slade," and "Old Carmichail," could hold these stormy natures in subjection.

The ascent has been so gradual, we cannot realize we are six thousand feet, or a little over a mile, above the sea. As we climb mile after mile, suddenly the Black Hills come within range. They are the first low chain of the Rocky Mountains, and seventy miles away in a south-westerly direction. The great snowy range breaks in on our strained vision—a sublime sight; and as Long's Peak towers up among the clouds far away in the midst of these old Rockies, our passengers become excited, and exclamations of wonder are heard in every part of the car. The rear platform is now crowded, as we feast our eyes upon these everlasting hills, standing as monuments of God's handiwork. Vegetation is scant, sage-brush and dwarfed pine being the only products of this sandy and alkali soil. Now, as we approach Cheyenne, we must bid the reader good-bye, and make ready for some nourishment for the inner man, promising to give in our next a continued glance at the Far West.

[For the Bucks County Gazette.]

EVENING NOTES.

Not long since I read the following paragraph in a pleasant and entertaining book by an American author. Speaking of the pond lily he says: "It is a marvel whence it derives its loveliness and perfume, sprouting as it does from the black mud over which the river sleeps, and from which the yellow lily likewise draws its unclean life and noisome odor. So it is with many people in this world; the same soil and circumstances may produce the good and beautiful and the wicked and ugly. Some have the faculty of assimilating to themselves only what is evil, and so they become as noisome as the yellow water lily. Some assimilate none but good influences, and their emblem is the fragrant and spotless pond lily whose very breath is a blessing to all the region round about."

Wise parents make it a rule to keep their children in a pure moral atmosphere. We all know what is said of evil communications. Good influences fix their shining insignia on the character. You can always tell where bad influences have shed their subtle power. Beautiful lives usually grow up among propitious surroundings. They have their constant effect upon the moulding process of the moral nature. A single object that reminds one only of some noble circumstance, acts like a potent monitor upon the heart. Neibuhr's friend, Frederick Perthes, once said, "evil thoughts are put to flight when the eye falls on the portrait of one in whose living presence one would have blushed to own them."

We all know the effect wrought by good people upon our minds when we are in their presence. Then it is that we are conscious of a restraining influence even if we do not feel the imparted glow of exalted aim and purpose. Almost unconsciously they exert a direct force upon our natures, tending to inspire our minds with loftier views and enhancing our estimate of human life. Great examples strengthen and invigorate. Low and selfish people retard the growth toward excellence. Companionship with the wise and good is a source of wealth to our souls. "Live with wolves," says the Spanish proverb, "and you will learn to howl."

The fact sometimes excites remark that two persons, where outward conditions are equal, should be so very different. It may be as Hawthorne says, that this is due to the diverse powers of assimilation. One may be prone to a life that is good and worthy, while the other may incline to the opposite, and in each case there may be complete harmony of taste and propensity. This leads to an inquiry into the relation that exists between the specific quality of a man's life and his organization. And this suggests a channel of thought that widens into a broad sea of speculation.

Circumstances are of vital moment. Surroundings that are healthful to the character should be sought and cherished, while those that are hurtful should be shunned. We are taught to avoid temptation. It is good to come into the serene atmosphere of all sweet influences. They breathe their quickening property into the heart, and give a kindred tone to the affections. Thereby the life is exalted, refined, beautified.

A noble character is a lovely sight. May we not all possess this beautiful prize? As every proficiency costs effort, so a rare nature may be the fruit of aim and resolution. To aspire after true excellence is one of the worthiest objects of life. Often a great want with us is the energy, the purpose, the will to move in the direction of our aspirations. What we too frequently lack is decision. Between us and rich attainment lies only the path of action. Our admiration of the good we see in others, is a pledge that it is within our own reach. "The strong man and the water-fall channel their own path."

If we cannot be great as philosopher, artist, poet, inventor, or statesman, we can acquire the greatness that belongs to goodness. If we cannot be rich we can be honest. If we cannot have large possessions we can have an upright heart. The soul often becomes less as a man gains prominence in the public eye. Lofty station is not a sure proof of merit. Many a man who has managed to clothe himself with "a little brief authority," would blush to have exposed all the arts and stratagems that have been tributary to his success. Think of the low cunning, the illusive juggling, the secret wiles, the trickery, the quackery, the beguiling claptrap, and all that family of effective shams that lay hid in night, safe from mortal gaze, which so many men have resorted to in order to gain their ends. "Had I but served my God with half the zeal I served my king," said Wolsey, "he would not in mine age have left me naked to mine enemies." If many of those who struggle with such rare endeavor to gain wealth or places of profit and power, were only half as zealous, half as eager, half as diligent in striving to perfect their characters, they would be as shining lights set on a hill.

MARLFORD.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Money and Business.

Three cargoes of flour, amounting to 48,360 barrels were recently shipped from San Francisco direct to Liverpool.

The London Financier says the business of the Atlantic cables has largely increased since the beginning of the panic in New York, and the receipts are now estimated at $57,000 daily.

During last week there arrived in New York 2,953,122 bushels of wheat, the largest amount by nearly 1,000,000 bushels ever received in a single week. There also arrived 99,268 barrels of flour.

The cotton crop for the year just closed was 3,930,508 bales, an excess over that of the preceding year of 956,157 bales. This country consumes nearly half of this product, and the remainder goes abroad.

The steamship Italy took $250,000 in bullion from Liverpool for New York, Thursday, and the steamships Baltic and City of Paris, $525,000. The steamship Prussian, which also left Liverpool the same day, for Montreal, carried out $430,000.

Peake, Opdyke & Co; of New York, suspended on Saturday for $2,500,000; Lampson, & Co; grain dealers of Boston, suspended for $300,000. The Carpet Company at New Brunswick, N. J; suspended on account of the assessment upon stockholders to cover the deficits caused by defalcations in the State Bank.

The Savannah *News* feels indignant at the request of some northern correspondents to merchants down South, requesting that money be sent them by express instead of by draft. It says: "These people seem to forget that the stringency is as marked in the South, comparatively speaking, as it is in the North, and that the business men here want all the money they have got and more too, to aid in moving the cotton crop forward."

The Directors of the Cincinnati Board of Trade have adopted resolutions favoring the repeal of all usury laws, with 7 per cent. interest in the absence of a contract, and a modification of the National Banking law so as to allow every Association having $50,000 of Government bonds, the right to deposit the same and receive National bank notes, under restrictions rendering the bill-holder as secure as under the present system.

The State Superintendent of Insurance of Missouri has filed a petition in the Circuit Court at St. Louis, for an injunction to restrain the St. Louis Mutual Life Insurance Co. from transacting any further business whatever. The petition further asks for the appointment of a receiver, and for a decree dissolving the company and winding up its affairs. It is alleged that the company's liabilities are more than $900,000 in excess of its assets, and that a large number of policies have been wrongfully cancelled, making the liabilities appear much less than they really are. The Court has granted a writ of injunction, returnable on the 11th.

The National Metropolitan Bank in Washington, which has been in a very embarrassed condition since the beginning of the panic, will, it is now thought, be able fully to recover. The Controller sent for one of the oldest Bank Examiners, Col. Moore, formerly of Gen. Sheridan's staff, and he has been making a rigid examination for two or three days. He will probably be able to report to-morrow. The Bank was not in a proper condition, and was only saved by the strongest efforts of its officers. Several persons have applied for the charter of the First National Bank of Washington, which failed with Jay Cooke & Co; but it has not been promised thus far.

The promised proposition of settlement by Jay Cooke & Co. with their creditors, has been prepared, and copies furnished them. The form of agreement is substantially as follows: "The members of the firm surrender all their partnership and individual property. E. A. Rollins, as trustee, to have the management of the estate, thus saving costs and expenses. Dividends to be made whenever the trustee has cash in hand sufficient to be divided—commencing very soon after the agreement is approved by the creditors. Settlements may be made under restrictions which, it is claimed, guard the interests of the general body of creditors. The creditors to surrender no rights they now possess, but merely to accept the advantages of the trust created for their benefit, while the debtors can gain nothing except the surplus which they hope to secure by an economical and judicious winding up of their estate. Full powers are given to the trustee, who is to act under the control of a committee composed of S. M. Felton, Wm. C. Houston and Dell Noblit, Jr. Negotiable certificates of the interest of any creditor in the trust estate are to be given by the trustee. After all the debts are paid in full, the remaining property is to be re-assigned. The firm do not propose to call a general meeting of their creditors, for the reason that as it has been doing business in three different cities, its creditors are so scattered as to render such a meeting impracticable. Notes will, however, be addressed to such of their creditors in the three cities as can be conveniently seen from day to day at each point, and submit the papers with oral explanations. Any creditor who fails to receive such a request, can examine the papers at any time by calling on the members of the firm at Philadelphia, New York and Washington."

Messrs. Maris & Smith, Bankers and Brokers No. 18 South Third street, Philadelphia, furnish us the following report of prices at 3 P. M., on Oct. 7, 1873:

Gold opened	110⅝
Gold closed	110⅝
N. Y. Central R. R.	93⅜
N. Y. and Erie Railway	48½
Lake Shore and Michigan So.	75¼
Cleveland and Pittsburgh R. R.	82
N. W. Com.	44¼
" Pref	70
Rock Island	94½
Pacific Mail Steamship Co.	34⅝
Western Union Union Telegraph	60⅞
St. Paul Com.	33⅞
" Pref.	
Adams Express Co.	94
Toledo and Wabash R. R.	40½
Ohio and Mississipi R. R.	29
Union Pacific R. R.	20⅛
Panama	96½

PHILADELPHIA QUOTATIONS, GOVERNMENT.

New U. S. 5's of 1881,	10¾	108
U. S. 6's of '81,	15½	
" '62, not called.	10	
" " 1st call.	10⅝	
" " 2d call.	12⅛	
" " 3d call.	12⅝	
" " 4th call.	10⅝	
" " '64	10	
" " '65	11	111¼
" " '65, new,	13½	114
" " '67,	15¼	
" " '68,	14¼	
5's 10-40's,		
U. S. 30 Year 6 per cent. Cy.	14½	111¾
Gold,	10⅝	
Silver,		
Union Pacific R. R. 1st M. Bonds,	5	
Central Pacific " " "	3	
Union Pacific Land Grant Bonds,	8	

NEW YORK SUB-TREASURY REPORT, OCTOBER 7.

Currency Receipts	209,139 62
" Payments	576,777 53
" Balance	3632,608 38

At New York, on Wednesday, greenbacks were higher and in demand for shipment to the interior. The premium ranged from ¾ to 1¼ per cent.

Fairs.

The annual fairs of the Maryland Agricultural Society and the Maryland Institute commenced yesterday, at Baltimore.

The York County Agricultural Fair opened at York, Pa., Tuesday. The entries in all departments were unprecedentedly large, and the attendance was such as to ensure success.

Political.

The Pennsylvania election will be held next Tuesday, October 14, and on the same day elections take place in Ohio and Iowa. In Pennsylvania the State officers to be chosen are a State Treasurer and Judge of the Supreme Court, Robert J. Mackey, Republican, and Francis M. Hutchinson, Democrat, being the candidates for the former office; and Isaac G. Gordon, Republican and James R. Ludlow, Democrat, for the latter. In Ohio and Iowa, Governors are to be elected. The respective Republican majorities in the three States at the last State elections were Pennsylvania, 35,627; Ohio, 14,159; and Iowa, 57,862. These are the majorities for the leading officers on the State ticket voted for in 1872, that of Pennsylvania being Governor; and in Ohio and Iowa, Secretary of State. In each State last year the majorities for President Grant were larger, being 137,748 in Pennsylvania; 37,531 in Ohio; and 60,370 in Iowa. The Democrats and Patrons of Husbandry in Iowa have this year coalesced in the support of a candidate for Govnenor.

Railroads.

The change from broad to narrow gauge on the Grand Trunk Railroad was completed over the entire line on Saturday, and trains resume their regular trips to-day. When the International bridge at Fort Erie is completed, on the 27th, trains will pass between Canada and the United States.

Foreign.

The Carlists are reported to be losing ground in the northern provinces of Spain.

Since the general election of 1868 in England, Conservatives have gained twenty-eight seats and lost seven.

A treaty has been concluded between Italy and Germany abolishing the use of passports by travelers between those countries.

The trial of Marshal Bazaine began on Monday at Versailles. The Duke d'Aumale presided. Many distinguished persons were present. It is thought likely that the court-martial will sentence the prisoner to death.

The Prussian Diet will meet for its next session in the second week of November and continue sitting—probably with a brief interruption at Christmas—till February, in which month, or at latest in the beginning of March, the new imperial Parliament is to be convoked. The elections for the latter will be held in January.

Fires.

Sepley's oil cloth factory in Newark, N. J.; was burned on Saturday evening. Loss, $60,000.

Muller's saw-mill, at Montreal, with a large lot of lumber, was burned on Saturday. Loss $30,000.

Half a square of frame stores was burned Saturday, at Wilshire, Van Wert county, Ohio. Loss $18,000, with but little insurance.

Henry Hamilton's grocery and J. C. Shaeffer's pork-packing establishment, Lexington street, Baltimore, were burned early Monday. Loss $25,000.

Mansfield & Stimson's foundry at Rutland, Vt., was damaged by fire $8,000 Sunday morning. The marble shop of Loomis & Larmore, at Bennington, was burned Sunday evening.

On Tuesday morning, at Louisville, Ky., the large bagging factory of Richardson, Hervey & Co., the first factory of the kind started in the United States, caught fire from the friction of the picker, and was totally consumed. Loss, $75,000; insurance, $42,000.

Crime.

The house of Mrs. Metzler, a "clairvoyant" of Jersey City, was "raided" upon by the police on Saturday night, and she was arrested for malpractice. The body of a woman, 20 years of age, was found on the premises.

Fraud and Theft.

The store of Henry A. Jangwith, at Medford, Mass., was robbed on Friday night of $12,000 worth of railroad stocks and $300 in greenbacks.

John Howard Young, money order clerk in the Brooklyn post-office, has been missing for a week, and a "deficiency" has been discovered in his accounts. Young had a high reputation for honesty, "and his place in the Sunday school and church, of which he was a member, was never vacant" until the Sunday after he disappeared.

John N. Pierce, Jr., cashier of the Merchants' National Bank of Lowell, Mass., is stated to be a defaulter. One of the directors of the bank states that Pierce had at one time $175,000 of the bank's money, of which he returned $80,000. The stealings were carried on for several years and were not detected until last week. The capital of the bank is $400,000, and a surplus of about 5 per cent. is absorbed. Pierce was also treasurer of the Central Savings Bank, but is said to have spared the latter. He has resigned his position as cashier, and is believed to have left Lowell.

Miscellaneous.

A Richmond lady nearly died recently from the effects of a spider's bite.

The city of Yonkers, N. Y., finds itself $80,000 behindhand in its amounts.

One colony of Mennonites, numbering 150 families, have decided to settle near Bismark, Minn.

A gallant gentleman of Illinois recently paid $15 fine for slinging his house-girl around by the hair.

The first snow-balling match of the season is reported to have taken place at East Georgia, Vt., last week.

The "Trans-Atlantic" balloon was found an hour after the occupants alighted, about a mile from Canaan, Conn.

The President has directed that ten thousand rations be sent to Memphis for the relief of the yellow fever sufferers.

Captain Buddington and his party of Polaris survivors arrived at New York on Saturday, in the steamship City of Antwerp.

A "Congress of women" is to be held, and a preliminary meeting at Chicago on the 14th inst., is to fix the time and place.

The Adventists have settled upon the year 1874 as the end of all things. The banks which are going up in 1873 are premature.

It is said that the Metropolitan National Bank at Washington will be reorganized after the examiner shall have made his report.

Mr. Edwin Booth acted in Boston last Monday night, for the first time in two years. He was greeted with an overflowing house.

On Sunday morning a portion of the arch of Fourth avenue tunnel, in New York, fell in, the accident occuring a few minutes after the passage of the Albany express train.

Delos Calver, of Jersey City, who is Vice President of the New York and Oswego Midland Railroad, has been adjudged a bankrupt. His liabilities are reported at $8,000,000.

During the storm Monday afternoon, two men were blown from the roof of a building at Lake View, N. J., and one of them, named Charles Van Winkle, was fatally injured.

The exports of produce from New York during the week ending on the 7th inst., were the largest on record, their total value being $8,378,130.

A box car, on which were two large tanks, containing seven thousand fresh water trout, recently arrived in Baltimore from Oakland, Maryland. They were intended for stocking streams in other parts of the State.

In Connecticut, Monday, a constitutional amendment making Hartford the sole Capital of the State, was voted upon. 119 towns, including all the cities except New Haven, gave 15,640 majority for the amendment.

The question of suburban annexation was voted upon by Boston yestesday. The result is that Charlestown, Brighton, and West Roxbury will be annexed to Boston. Brookline alone voted against annexation.

Rev. J. V. O'Reilly, pastor of the Roman Catholic church at Susquehanna, Pa., was killed on Saturday evening, by a locomotive. He was eighty years of age. He was formerly Vicar General of the Diocese of Philadelphia.

A severe snow storm prevailed Tuesday morning in the upper portion of Schuylkill county and the adjoining northern counties of this State. Snow also fell at Fonda, N. Y., for two hours. Eight inches of snow fell in Delaware county, N. Y.

The freight depot of the Northeastern Railroad at Charleston, S. C., was unroofed during a furious rain storm on Monday. John M. Miller and A. Reed, railroad employes, were killed, and several other persons were severely injured.

Prior to the execution of the Modoc murderers, the President directed that the remainder of the Modoc band should be taken to Fort Russell, near Cheyenne, to await further orders. These Indians have accordingly been forwarded, by General Schofield, to that post.

Miss Dimmock, surgeon at the New England Hospital for Women and Children, in Boston, recently performed rather an extensive series of operations, removing from the neck of a little girl not less than 71 tumors, varying in size from the dimensions of a pullet's egg to that of a hen.

Professor Donaldson's "Transatlantic" balloon ascended from Brooklyn Monday morning, and in a few hours landed its passengers at Canaan, in northeastern Connecticut. It went up at 9 A. M., Professor Donaldson being accompanied in the ascent by Geo. Ashton Lunt and Alfred Ford. When Canaan was reached, at 1,25 P. M., the balloon was caught in a violent storm, but it was so near the earth that the aeronauts jumped out and escaped injury. The balloon being relieved of its freight, shot upward and continued on its voyage to parts unknown.

The audience given by the Emperor of China to the foreign envoys does not appear to have been granted very willingly. The official announcement was worded in the most insulting terms, and was supplemented by the following sentence in the *North China Herald*: "Here are those rascally dogs of foreigners actually teasing to get a sight of the face of the Son of Heaven, and our too timid Ministers consenting to admit them to the privilege. What is the world coming to?" The Chinese still seem to think that their Emperor is superior to all earthly rulers, and it may cost much to teach them the contrary.

A Paris paper of recent date relates the following incident: A child of five and a half years of age was playing at one of the windows of a house, when it leaned too far out and fell. The mother darted to the window in agony, and saw her child hanging by its pianafore to an iron hook fastened to the half opened shutter of a window on a lower story. In spite of the entreaties of a neighbor, the unhappy mother stood gasping for breath, her hands clutching the window sill, and her whole appearance a model for a statue of despair. Suddenly a voice cried: "Make haste, his pinofore is tearing." The mother fainted, but the door had now been broken in, and the porter drew the shutter gently inwards; and thus, at length succeeded in placing the child safe and sound on the floor of the room.

Two years ago the Northern Pacific Railroad Company attempted to negotiate the sale of large quantities of its bonds in Europe. Application was made to the Union Bank of Vienna, and also to certain capitalists in Berlin and the result was the appointment of two commissions which came over to America and made a personal examination of the road and a part of the region through which it was to pass. Two reports were made—one to the Berlin capitalists by Herr Haas, a Government director of the Prussian railways, the other to the Union Bank of Vienna by Herr Foltz. Both are able and well considered documents, and both present in a pretty strong light the advantages of the Northern Pacific route and the extent of the traffic which the road must ultimately obtain. Both however concurred in the opinion that for some years after its completion the company would be unable to pay interest on its bonds and agreed in advising European capitalists not to invest in it. The advice of the experts was adopted, and the negotiations in Berlin and Vienna fell through.

From the Golden Age.

LESSONS OF THE HOUR.

During the toilsome months of last year, when we were doing our best to urge the claims of Horace Greeley to the suffrages of his countrymen, we were told that Mr. Greeley was a man so unskilled in financial economy that his election would disturb the moneyed classes. The wise bats who gave us this owlish judgment insisted that the election of Grant was the only thing that would secure a safe and sound commercial future. Henry Clews & Co., Jay Cooke & Co., Fisk & Hatch, and other firms made themselves conspicuous by discrediting Mr. Greeley, on the ground that his election would unsettle the money market. "Under President Grant," said they, "we shall have prosperity and ease."

But Grant's election has been followed by the very panic which it was expressly designed to prevent. Moreover the very firms that trusted to it for safety are the chief victims to their own false prophecy. Furthermore, the conspicuous capitalists who last summer advocated Grant's election—we mean such men as Horace B. Claflin, Henry Clews, William Orton, and others—distinguished themselves on a recent Sunday morning by urging Grant to violate the law of the land in order to relieve them from a pinch and pressure which they were once sure could come only through the election of Grant's rival!

The campaign slanders which these professed exponents of the business community uttered against a blameless man a year ago, have now been brought home, by a sort of avenging poetic justice, to their own doors, and find a strange commentary in their own misfortunes and ruin.

To make the case vivid and memorable, the very firms which transacted the government's business—namely Jay Cooke & Co. and Henry Clews & Co.—have been most conspicuous in their downfall. We have no other feeling toward both of these firms than the utmost friendliness and sympathy, and our desire is eager for their restoration to prosperity. But we owe it to the memory of the man whom they slandered to point out to the public the worthlessness of the criticisms which they made against Mr. Greeley a year ago. These criticisms were not based on any reasonable foundation. They were the wild talk of men whose perspicacity is now proven to have been nothing—not even sufficient to avert their own destruction. We have no wish to triumph over them now that they have failed; but we call all the world to witness that they made a false charge against a political opponent; and they have all been struck down, like Ananias and Sapphira, for the lie which they told.

Mr. Greeley was a safe and prudent man in finance—a devout believer in John Randolph's maxim "Pay as you go." He warned the country against the Credit Mobilier swindle, months before the country gave any heed to his warning. He more than once predicted to the editor of The Golden Age the fearful consequences which would ensue from the wild railroad speculations which have at last brought so many proud capitalists low—so low, indeed, that some of them will not again arise. Mr. Greeley's predictions have been fearfully seconded by facts.

Far be it from us to charge the present panic upon President Grant. It would be as unjust for us to say that President Grant *has* caused it, as it was for Henry Clews & Co. to say that President Greeley would have caused it. The truth is, the capitalists themselves are its chief authors. They are the architects of their own ruin.

Nevertheless, were Mr. Greeley alive at this hour and sitting as President of the United States, this panic would undoubtedly have been charged to *him*. The Times and The Evening Post would have said scornfully to the people, "We told you so." Henry Clews would have bitten his lips and said, "I warned you of this a year ago." Horace B. Claflin would have snapped his fingers and said, "This is just what I expected."

And had it been Mr. Greeley instead of President Grant who, a fortnight ago, on a Sunday morning, refused the enormous request of these money-beggars for $14,000,000 in greenbacks, the good old man would have been contemptuously criticized in the next day's papers for his absurd crotchets in finance.

It was said during the campaign, "Don't elect Mr. Greeley, for he will hurry us to specie payments." But The Times itself is now urging President Grant to this very thing!

Furthermore, we cannot help remembering the perpetual clamor against Mr Greeley on the ground that he favored "a paternal government;" and yet the very men who accused him of this political heresy were the capitalists who spent a whole Sunday in the sacred folly and pious sacrilege of urging, beseeching, and imploring President Grant to put himself suddenly at the head of a "paternal government," and, like a liberal father towards his prodigal sons, to put his hands into his "paternal" pockets, and to give them forty-four millions of illegal dollars out of the "paternal" funds!

A certain class of New York capitalists—particularly the Claflins, the Vanderbilts, the Ortons, the Opdykes—all of them men who do business on the imaginative, air-building and super-sanguine plan—have all proven that they possess to an eminent degree, first, the gift of false prophecy in finance, and, second, the spirit of disloyalty to law.

They have earned, therefore, the right of special enrolment among the dangerous classes of the republic. Dangerous? Yes. The methods by which they do business are false. Even the most eminent among them are never really solvent at any time. They build on hopes and prospects instead of facts and realities. Their chief riches consist always in their debts.

Of course such men as these had small sympathy with Mr. Greeley's honest, economical and prudent notions of finance.

On the other hand, the hardy and humble farmers and mechanics throughout the United States who have pursued a laborious life on Mr. Greeley's plan of loving labor and hating debt, outrank to-day in honesty, manliness and true American independence, the cringing and panic stricken capitalists who, like Vanderbilt, Claflin, and all the rest of the Sabbath breakers, bank breakers and law breakers, besought the President to empty the public treasury into their private pockets.

We have acquitted President Grant of any special agency in bringing about the panic; and yet we cannot but reflect with sadness that our chief magistrate has put the commercial honor of the republic, both at home and abroad, into the keeping of business firms that have suspended payment, and that have thus closed their doors even against the widows and orphans of the very soldiers whom Grant once led to battle and death. Let us say again that Jay Cooke & Co. and Henry Clews & Co. have carried down with them into the abyss of their destruction our kindliest sympathy for their misfortunes and misery. These gentlemen are personally popular; they are men whom their neighbors and acquaintances cannot help liking; they are genial, warm-hearted, amiable citizens and companions. All this is true of them—and more. We could weave a crown of rose-leaves in compliment of their private geniality and good fellowship. But the whole architecture of their business was like that of a structure which was always ready to be blown down by a severe storm. President Grant—the favorite "safe man" of the financiers—has sympathized too ignorantly with this extravagant method of doing business. He once wanted to make A. T. Stewart his Secretary of the Treasury; but if Mr. Stewart had occupied that office, we believe (though we have no right to speak for him, and indeed have never seen him in our life time) yet we believe that so safe and prudent a man would not have allowed the government to be represented by such venturesome and fair-weather financiers as Jay Cooke and Henry Clews. Mr. Greeley would have followed Mr. Stewart's conservatism. But President Grant has lost his money with Jay Cooke, has lost his tears over Henry Clews, and has lost the government's credit with both. Mr. Greeley would have done neither. He would have lodged the government's good name with men less rash and venturesome. The Later Franklin would have remembered the maxims of the Elder. Mr. Greeley would not have given the finances of the State Department to a man over whom the world now weeps exclaiming, "Poor Henry!" but would have committed this trust to the keeping of some sturdier financier brought up on the more wholesome maxims of Poor Richard.

THE FATE OF THE MODOCS.

The correspondent of the Associated Press gives the following report of the execution of Capt. Jack and his band:

Boston Charley and Black Jim were led on the scaffold first and Schonchin next. They trod it with apparent indifference, having evidently resolved to die as bravely as they had lived. Captain Jack went easily up the stairway, but looked wretched and miserable. The manacles had been struck off but their arms were securely pinioned with cords. At precisely 9:45 a. m., the interpreters, Capt. O. C. Applegate and David Hill, explained to the prisoners the nature of the order to be read to them, and at 10 o'clock Adjutant Kingsbury read the order promulgating the sentence of the Commission and the President's order thereon, with the orders of the Secretary of War and the department commander in the premises.

The two reprieved prisoners, Barncho and Sloluck, stood on the ground in front of the scaffold, shackled and under guard. During the reading, the pinioned victims were seated on the platform of the scaffold with their feet on the drop, listening anxiously, but of course understanding not a word. The reading occupied ten minutes; then the Adjutant read the order and commutation in the case of Barncho and Sloluck, and the poor fellows were taken back to the stockade, evidently rejoiced at not accompanying the others to the happy hunting grounds. The chaplain then offered an earnest prayer for the souls of the culprits, which was listened to attentively. At 10:15 the fatal nooses were placed around their necks under direction of Capt. Hoge. It was necessary to cut off a little of Capt. Jack's long hair which was in the way of the rope. Capt. Hoge then bade farewell to the prisoners, and the black caps were placed over the heads of the culprits. At 10:20 they stood on the drop and the rope was cut by the assistant at a signal made with Capt. Hoge's handerchief. The bodies swung round and round. Jack and Jim apparently dying easily, but Boston and Schonchin suffering terrible convulsions. Boston and Schonchin repeatedly drew up their legs, but the two others seemed to die almost instantly. At 10:28 their pulses were felt by Capt. Hoge, and as this is being written they are swinging lifeless in the air.

As the drop fell with a terrible "thud," a half-smothered cry of horror went up from the crowd of over 500 Klamath Indians who witnessed the spectacle. Wails of bitter anguish also arose from the stockade where the wives and children of the poor fellows had a shocking view of the scene. The coffins, six in number, had been placed directly in the rear of the gallows, two of them destined to be unoccupied, as the order commuting the sentences of Barncho and Sloluck only arrived at 10:30 last evening, and preparations had been made for their execution with the others. An application was made this morning to Gen. Wheaton by the Sheriff of Jackson county, Oregon, for the custody of the Indians indicted by the Grand Jury, but it was refused.

CONSUMPTION
Can be Cured.

SCHENCK'S PULMONIC SYRUP,

SCHENCK'S SEAWEED TONIC,

SCHENCK'S MANDRAKE PILLS,

Are the only medicines that will cure Pulmonary Consumption.

Frequently medicines that will stop a cough will occasion the death of a patient; they lock up the liver, stop the circulation of the blood, hemorrhage follows, and, in fact, they clog the action of the very organs that caused the cough.

Liver Complaint and Dyspepsia are the causes of two-thirds of the cases of Consumption. Many persons complain of a dull pain in the side, constipation, coated tongue, pain in the shoulder-blade, feeling of drowsiness and restlessness, the food lying heavily on the stomach, accompanied with acidity and belching up of wind.

These symptoms usually originate from a disordered condition of the stomach or a torpid liver.

Persons so affected, if they take one or two heavy colds, and if the cough in these cases be suddenly checked, will find the stomach and liver clogged, remaining torpid and inactive, and almost before they are aware the lungs are a mass of sores and ulcerated; the result of which is death.

Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup is an expectorant which does not contain any opium or anything calculated to check a cough suddenly.

Schenck's Seaweed Tonic dissolves the food, mixes with the gastric juices of the stomach, aids digestion, and creates a ravenous appetite.

When the bowels are costive, skin sallow, or the symptoms otherwise of a bilious tendency, Schenck's Mandrake Pills are required.

These Medicines are prepared only by

J. H. SCHENCK & SON,

N. E. corner of Sixth and Arch Sts., Philadelphia, and for sale by all Druggists and dealers. 92

Pennsylvania Railroad.

NEW YORK DIVISION.

On and after August 25, 1873,

Trains to and from Bristol Station

For Philadelphia.

Kensington Depot, 7.13, 7.41, 8.24, 8.30, 9.41, 10.01, A. M. 12.30, 3.15, 4.03, 7.20, and 8.45, P. M. Sundays, 8.45 P. M.

West Philadelphia Depot, at 3.27 A. M., 3.03, 5.12, 6.23, and 9.34 P. M.

For New York.

At 7.51, 8.13, 8.37, 9.21, and 11.47 A. M., 1.26, 4.21, and 6.20 P. M. Sunday trains, 8.13, 8.37 A. M., and 1.26 P. M.

For Trenton.

At 8.02, 8.37, 9.24, 10.55, and 11.47 A. M., 1.20, 3.05, 4.21, 4.31, 5.53, 6.07, 6.20, 7.27, 9.21 P. M., 12.38 (night.) The 8.02, 10.55, A. M., 4.34, and 6.07 P. M. trains connect with Belvidere Division.

From Philadelphia.

Leaves Kensington Depot, at 7.30, 7.50, 10.00 A. M., 12.30, 2.15, 3.40, 4.00, 5.00, 5.30, 6.30, 8.30, P. M. West Philadelphia Depot, at 8.30, and 11.00 A. M., 12.30, 5.30, 11.30, P. M.

From New York.

At 7.00 and 9.30, A. M., 12.30, 3.00, 4.00 and 6.10, P. M.

From Trenton.

At 6.10, 7.15, 8.00, 8.15, 9.18 and 9.40, A. M., 12.08, 2.40, 3.10, 4.50, 6.00, 7.00, 8.23, and 9.05, P. M.

From Philadelphia, Westward.

Trains leave West Philadelphia for Harrisburg, Pittsburg and the West, at 8.00, A. M., and 12.40, 7.30, P. M., daily, except Sunday, and 8.10, 10.30 and 11.55, P. M., daily.

For Harrisburg, Williamsport, the Oil Regions and Erie, at 12.10 and and 11.55, P. M.

For Harrisburg, Elmira, Canandaigua, Niagara Falls, &c., at 7.26, A. M.

A Through Passenger Train, especially for parties moving westward, leaves Philadelphia at 12.05, A.M. daily, except Monday. For passage by this train, application should be made to Francis Funk, Agent, 116 Market Street, Philadelphia, where first-class and emigrant tickets can be obtained.

For further information see time tables, which can be obtained at the ticket office.

A. J. CASSATT, Gen. Manager. D. M. BOYD, Jr. Gen. Pass. Agent.

G. W. BARKER, Supt. N. Y. Division.

F. W. JACKSON, Gen. Supt. U. R. R. of N. J. Division. 60

"SEEDS,"

(Not in the agricultural line, but,) the well known

DEALER IN

FINE SILK HATS,

SOFT AND STIFF FELT HATS,

UMBRELLAS, &c.,

No. 11 North Second Street,

116 PHILADELPHIA.

NOTWITHSTANDING

OUR

Extensive Alterations

AND

Enlargement,

we are not allowing it to interfere with us in the

PURCHASE OF OUR

Fall and Winter

STOCK;

and we are now constantly making

ADDITIONS TO IT,

of Goods of this description, consisting of

DRESS GOODS

in great variety,

VELVETEENS,

WATER-PROOFS,

OF DIFFERENT COLORS, for Redingotes and Cloaks;

Flannels, Cloths and Cassimeres.

Special attention is called to our Stock of

ALPACAS,

BOTH FOR QUALITY AND PRICE,

ranging from 25 cts. to $1.00 per yard.

Hand-Knit Zephyr Goods,

Zephyr and Germantown Wool,

GENTS, LADIES AND CHILDREN'S

Merino Underwear.

In fact almost everything that could be desired, all of which we are pleased to show, as well as the present crowded state of our counters and shelves will admit of.

J. Wesley Wright's,

Next to Canal Bridge,

MILL STREET,

BRISTOL, PENN'A. 98

THOMAS ROBERTS & CO.,

Livery and Sale Stables

OPPOSITE THE DELAWARE HOUSE.

ALL KINDS OF

HORSES AND CARRIAGES

TO HIRE.

Also, Horses and Carts to Hire.

HORSES MULES & CARRIAGES

For Sale or Exchange.

ALWAYS ON HAND.

101 B. F. STREETER, Salesman.

A. F. YOUNG. J. M. DOWNING.

YOUNG & DOWNING

Respectfully announce to the Citizens of Bristol and Bucks County, that they have opened a

General Insurance Office

at N. 46 Mill Street, Bristol,

Where they are prepared to receive orders and place all risks at the LOWEST RATES.

They are the Agents for Bucks County of the following Companies:

FIRE AND MARINE INSURANCE.

Merchants' of Providence, R. I., assets	$484,000 00
Narragansetts " "	533,365 27
Newtown, of Newtown, Bucks County	250,000 00
Mutual Fire of Philadelphia	157,411 37

LIFE INSURANCE COMPANIES.

New York.—Life of New York, assets	$22,000,000 00
Phila.—Mutual Protection of Phila.	154,068 43

ACCIDENTAL INSURANCE COMPANIES

Travellers' of Hartford, Conn., assets	$2,513,893 36

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NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

Bucks County Gazette.

Thursday, October 9, 1873.

BRISTOL POST OFFICE

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF MAILS

PHILADELPHIA—Closes 8 30 A M 1 30 and 7 30 P M Arrives 8 15 A M, 5 00 and 8 00, P M

NEW YORK—Closes 8 30, A M, 7 30 7 30 P M Arrives 10 00 A M 7 00 P M

TRENTON—Closes 7 30, 8 40, A M 3 30, P M arrives 10 00, A M 5 00 and 7 00 P M

PRINCETON, NEW BRUNSWICK, RAILWAY LINES NEAR NEWARK and DELAWARE CITY—Closes 8 30 A M 3 30 P M arrives 10 00 A M 7 00 P M

DOYLESTOWN—Closes 10 00, A M 30, P M arrives 9 30 A M, 8 00 P M

NEWTOWN, HULMEVILLE AND INTERMEDIATE NEW TOWN AND MORRISVILLE STAGE AND POST ROUTES—Closes at 10 00 A M arrives at 9 30 A M

LITTLE TOWN AND MORRISVILLE AND POST OFFICE ROUTE D R Closes 7 30 A M arrives 6 00 P M

BORDENTOWN—Arrives 8 30 A M closes 10 00 A M JESSE P MYERS, P M

SORTS.

THE Methodists of New Hope have about completed their new church edifice

A LARGE tree was blown down on West Monday night across Pond street near Mr

J W KING of Orange, New Jersey, paid $15 000 for the Iwine Mills situated at New Hope

THE hall purchased by the Bristol Fire Company arrived last Thursday evening. It weighs 760 pounds and cost $87 0

JOSEPH ENSELL has sold the building on Mill street formerly occupied by him as a grocery store and residence, to Mrs Elizabeth Allen The price paid was $5 500

THE North Philadelphia Presbytery began its annual session in Norristown last Tuesday — A Ralph and Peter Hope are the representatives of the Bristol Presbyterian Church

AT the Bristol Building Association last Monday night ten loans were sold The to Harriet Wilson at a premium of $22, four to Wm Knisely at $20 75, and three to John H Bostwick at $20 50

THE attendance at the Sunday meeting of the Y M C A at their rooms, was not large Rev W S Perkins delivered an excellent sermon Capt Thompson Peter Hope and Ira M Stuck also made short addresses

THE inclemency of the weather caused a very small attendance at the regular weekly meeting of the Y M C A last Monday night The few who were there however, passed a pleasant hour in devotional exercises

JESSE B MYERS, our worthy postmaster finding the facilities for transacting the business of the postoffice at this place inconvenient for constant, has enlarged his corner and made some other very useful improvements

THE following are the names of the officers of the company recently formed in Doylestown for the purpose of stocking a pond near Dark Hollow —President Louis H Knight Secretary John L Dubois, Treasurer Nathan C Eames

TWO large pears one weighing a pound and a quarter and the other over one pound David Lee Wray in town called and showed them last Tuesday They were raised by Mr Charles York of this place, who has our thanks for the specimens furnished

NEXT Tuesday evening Golden Rule Lodge I O G T of this place will hold a regular lodge at their room over Osborn's Hall Teachings recitations and music will be the order of exercises and an interesting entertainment may be confidently looked for All are invited to be present

FRIENDS and others interested in First Day Schools of Bucks county, intend holding a conference at Newtown meeting house at two o'clock this (Thursday) afternoon to consider the subject of establishing a First Day School Quarterly Union and the transaction of other business

DAVID HESTON whose name has become a household word among druggists of the United States will remove the United States Label Printing establishment to Frankford about the first of next month His new office is of brick 40x60 feet three stories high He now employs twenty hands His removal will be greatly regretted

MAJOR EDWARD L PODGERS formerly of Doylestown died suddenly in Philadelphia last Friday of apoplexy At the beginning of the rebellion he entered the service as a sergeant in Col Davis company When the 104th Regiment was formed he was appointed captain of Company A He was afterwards, by the death of Major Gries promoted to the position thus rendered vacant At the time of his death he held a clerkship in the Adjutant General's Office at Washington He was 35 years of age and leaves a widow and several children His remains were taken to Doylestown for interment

THE Annual Convention of the Bucks County Sabbath School Association will be held in the Presbyterian Church Hartsville, on Wednesday October 15th 1873 The order of exercises are as follows First session—10 to 10½ o'clock devotional exercises, 10½ to 11, nomination and election of officers and report of committees 11 to 11½ Address by E D Vail Esq 'Are Sunday Schools of any use?' 11½ to 12 Discussion—opened by Rev W G P Brinkloe—to shall we retain young people in the Sunday School? Afternoon session—2 to 2½ o'clock, Meeting of Executive Committee 2½ to 3, Devotional Meeting 3 to 4½ Children's Meeting to be addressed by Rev Matthew Newell Rev P S Henson, and John Wanamaker Esq Evening session—7 to 7½ o'clock, Devotional exercises, 7½ to 8½ Address by Rev E W Rice on defects in Sunday School teaching and how to remedy them, 8½ to 9, Addresses by Rev W H Conard, Rev G G Bush and others

THURSDAY evening last the Good Templar Lodges of Bristol, Newport and Hilleboro visited Hulmeville Lodge, for the purpose of meeting the G W C T Gen Lewis Wagner, who was present and conducted the exercises The Lodges were all largely represented Golden Rule, of Bristol sending about thirty members and the large hall in which the meeting was held was filled to overflowing Mr William A Lafferty, a member of the Order from Philadelphia, made a very interesting speech, showing the value of public temperance meetings to the cause, and cited as an instance of their success the Lodge of which he was a member receiving in two weeks from the time of holding such a meeting an addition of thirty members Other meetings, he said had resulted in a similar way, and he believed that there was no better way than this to advance the cause of temperance Interesting addresses were also made by Rev A Rumsey District Lecturer, and Rev Wm G P Brinkloe, of Hulmeville Lodge Reports were made by the Lodge and District Deputies, showing the order to be in a prosperous condition throughout the lower part of the county, new members being added to some at every meeting The reports and speeches were interspersed with music, both vocal and instrumental, and the participants therein received hearty commendation from all present Among the incidents of the evening was a song entitled 'The Mistletoe Bough,' sang by Miss Lee Strading, a member of Golden Rule Lodge who for her richness of voice and fine rendition, was highly complimented. The G W C T made a very appropriate speech before closing the meeting, in which he urged upon those present the necessity of continued action upon the part of every temperance man and woman, and closed by giving some statistics showing the condition of the order throughout the State and country. After some national airs, well rendered by the orchestra, the meeting adjourned

[For the Bucks County Gazette.]

REVIEW OF THE SEASON

The state of the weather has been a matter of much theme for observation and contemplation from time immemorial, and any change in the state of the atmosphere has often claimed the remark of very unusual occurrence is something never witnessed by the oldest inhabitant It is believed, however that the seasons if carefully compared will present less difference than is generally supposed I think, however we will generally be admitted that in a comparison between this and the last month all once will be acknowledged

Beginning with the month of May of last year, I distinctly recollect an extensive section of country and to remain for up until about proved quite injurious to the grass as well as to seeding of all crops for want of warmth and moisture for their growth Still the rains came at last some—both not in time to give relief to the grass seed of spring sowing, but to insure an abundant crop of oats—it nevertheless came in time to make an abundant yield of corn and give a wholesome stimulus to the pasture

Compared with the past season marked difference exists with In the month of May of the present year there was a profusion of rain—so much as to materially affect the accomplishment of both farm and garden planting The crops both oats and corn were got in the ground with difficulty and often without that kind of care and finish as to the state of the ground, which is generally considered essential to success In consequence of this difficulty neither the oats nor the corn were in condition for growing, but the weather proved favorable to the grass of the spring, early Towards the latter part of June a month's rain which soon gave a hope that the oats crop would be a failure, but as the heavy rains set in from the beginning of July fell after the middle of August farmers began to doubt the possibility of the corn being saved early enough to ensure a crop Should it come—but a distressed and pitiable condition was the result The drought nevertheless lessened the oats to such a degree that it was a very small yield Many fields of corn left I had been cultivated to weed or pull out were much injured the dry still weather the crops left unplanted under favorable circumstances it would—in most cases—well repay the labor of careful hoeing and cultivating

The drought continued through the month of July, and the greater part August effected the grass of pasture fields and that meadow lands, to a very serious extent The partly filled barrels and covers until supplied by mows gave evidence of the light yield of grass It is believed the present season will scarcely furnish more than from one half to two thirds of the average production The same fall of rain which came as opportunity for the roots also gave an impulse to the flourishing potato crop This early fall start in the development when rains, but persisted could save it and although it had set much the heavy fall of rain started the young tubers and a very good medium size crop of potatoes was secured There is some appearance of rot with the vines of potatoes as yet in the ground, the soil is to remain in the ground long, the season will scarcely admit to take them out before winter sets in

Although very unfavorable to autumn vegetables the same cannot be said of grass and it exceeded beyond the expectations of almost every one Many fields of timothy and clover which were cut for hay in June have been cut a second time and will yield a heavy crop of fine feed for stock during the winter Pasture fields are also unusually good for the season

Taking the whole season as a whole it has been a very unfavorable one for the farmer, and the results of his labor will be very much curtailed

[Correspondence Bucks County Gazette.]

NEW YORK LETTER.

New York Oct 7 1873

The effect of the late financial crash is being severely felt by the dry goods men of New York. The old, reliable houses of Peet, Opdyke & Co and Claxton & Co, have succumbed to the tightness of the times Trade is prostrated and the huge jobbing and commission houses are slopping but a few paltry boxes, and the anxious brows of men rushing to and fro in the but the surface indication of deep thought and anxiety for the future All hope for the best and relief can not banish the thought of a good full trade yet

The great Evangelical Alliance with its numerous members called from our Protestant Christendom and Heathendom to unite in love to the public, and in accordance with all great associations has its regular governing officers Association Hall, St Pauls and the different places contained be filled with people of inquiring minds anxious to hear the learned Doctors there for once on heretofore unfavorable topics The Hebrew with his ancient customs and unbelief has come under the ban with the Infidel and set still Baptist loose and light hearted Presbyterian high and low Episcopalian Methodist, &c, &c The African has arrived, and says he is a delegation representing twenty five thousand of his brethren of the different states of our Union but as yet has not been able to sound its voice among the brethren

The great Methodist Colleges of which so much has been written, and lately unanimously called to cross the mighty deep has at last won Dr Peter Cooper On Sunday I visited the Cathedral Grounds and saw the monster reconstructed of much less size than before On Monday at five o'clock the citizens with ship sailors, north westerly and from lower Broadway she is moved to her starting speedy flight to the northwest and the Hudson looked like a dream the cloud and as she sped away many a comical joke was cracked by the excursionists The steamer the afternoon was passed around the Battery and the Narrows Since the departure of the voyagers Sandy Hook and the Jersey coast must have been reached Fair weather favored them as we did Donaldsons theory of the easterly currents is there to be verified As the steamers reached within thirty feet of the ground two of them jumped out and were consequently jammed The villages of New Cannan passed around and the Dr to purchase him of Colonel for the daring adventures, who now sits in kingdom to hoist needle ball on below we spread the *Herald* of tidings —

The trans Atlantic balloon that was to sail sailed majestically across the week, with a great up till some hand strapping, yesterday morning at nine o'clock the starting scene was as usual, at the Capitol grounds and the crest was the same old Hill But somewhat diminished in size that Professor Wise pronounced unfit for any experiment by constant Dan Rotten from the weather

Although a mammoth balloon was partially prepared and improvements in its ascending means so that some sort of ascension became certain the aluminum ascension only for a week in which full possession again to complete further Of course it was thought a fair stormy weather the only hearing across the ocean could not be made just now

After passing the Hill and sailed due east and afterwards in a northerly direction until last sighted shortly out Islip Long Island was where from the balloon and dispatches were sent by boat to tell the wild events of the journey

Last Pigeon—Tenth Ocean Eye Weed Observations A balloon has just passed over this city

Second Pigeon—Bethel Comm— The gas has been manufacturing day and

Third Pigeon Story—Bridgeport Comm Oct 6 11 a m— The balloon has just passed over this city

Fifth Pigeon— In the clouds 10 00 a m— We all very happy Don't like the dreaming and Dunk's fishing Dis ballast

Sixth Pigeon—Westchester 2 p m—Am a quarter past one pm the balloon passed over the United Comm, and twenty five minutes past one pm the Hudson descended and the cars stopped to feed

The last pigeon that brought the dispatches was mainly bundle from new Canaan Comm It was dated Oct 6—3 p m The storm has risen We have met with a little discomfort We'll in the form of Mr Charles Lewis in North Comm In bluff country Comm in passed at one o'clock

It appears the balloon was found to cross a medium size Challenge to dive and the upper Potomac, just the place for the use of the voyagers Lambs who were shearing and shutting the wool and run with the moss, should sing Hymn Mr Donaldson said he did not know what to do, when Mr Lent suggested to open the valve and let the gas out of the They were then taken by a gust of wind and so violently that the people of Canaan could not understand whether the screaming came from Donaldson then said let us all jump out The basket is thirty feet from the ground and soon fifteen only twenty feet the ground Lent jump Under three and follow through the bush to spot the rocks South Dorrill second Mr Lent jumped out simultaneously The dispatch further discloses Mr Lents last question in the air was, the cry who's off the sky and Looking Donaldson for his assistant Then Mr Prince says he willingly will stand by I am sorry about the pigeons Thought Balloon will I found We will write up the record of the voyage to-night and bring it down in the morning

P S—The balloon has been found a mile from the c

Such is the story mystery and comic is from of circumstances which attended the trance in Long Island on yesterday The big bats burst one more and for the last time The next time its ascension is begetting better in particulars will of course be made and it is hoped the weather will be more favorable and the people better pleased The balloon will then surely take the ocean bound course and without doubt will cross the Atlantic in sixty hours It will be very nice indeed

Spiritualistic Indian future life and mysterious influence towards those who have faith have caused some enthusiastic meetings in this city Human communion with the invisible and the strange workings, the end of the two ends of the rope have led many into the fold of Spiritualism A story is told of one of the sons of an Apollo Hall seance where the spirit rapped out this sentence An honest man gathers no moss, which broke up the meeting, as the son remarked he had heard that before Another member joined the circle in pair of old gum shoes, and silently stepped into the ring where floating objects could be invisibly seen and dick ly heard and grasped things medium around the waist just as he was about to try assistance the hand with a long rule which protruded in his arm These meetings may be both spasmodic, as the great spirits tell us great enlightenment has been made in their science. However, Mr Tweed is the spirit of life, and a free press free faith and free religion, is what makes us a free country Jos Jones

It is with pleasure that we direct attention to the advertisement of Thomas M Scott, the well known Philadelphia hatter It speaks for itself and we are confident that when any of our readers purchase one of his hats they will speak for him in terms of unqualified praise

The twenty seventh annual exhibition of the Burlington County Agricultural Society was to have commenced on Tuesday but owing to the rain of Monday night and the threatening state of the weather on Tuesday morning, it was decided to hold it over until Thursday The entries up to 1 P M, Monday, were over three hundred greater than ever before In the division for speed the entries are large, and some of the finest horses in the State are entered, and in this department it bids fair to excel any previous exhibitions In all the other departments the display is good, one exhibitor having one hundred and fifty varieties of vegetables on exhibition Should the weather prove favorable a greater number of visitors will be in attendance than ever before

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company are laying another track between Eddington and Bristol

ARTIFICIAL HEAT.

The march of civilization is perhaps marked as much in the method taken by man to protect himself from cold as in any other particular We doubt not, if antiquarians would turn their attention to this subject that they would find the epochs of the world's advancement is distinctly divided by the progress of the method of producing artificial heat as from any other one cause From the time that the Hebrew children were placed in the fiery furnace by the oppressors of their race until the present age of enlightenment the question of man's necessities has been directed to the best method of producing heat whereby he could has food and keep him from suffering during the intense cold of the winter At this season of the year, just before mellow autumn passes away and

When cool winds and frosts of winter Shall call all their strength from— Vapor and clouds, and trees

the all question among those who are not provided with the necessary heating apparatus to ensure them proper protection from the frost, cutting, and frosty wind of winter is where can the best be obtained This information, in so far as it relates to stoves, we believe we can correctly impart As soon to be perfect must combine many good qualities It must be so constructed that the heat can be easily regulated be economical of fuel, durable, and require the less amount of time and care The stoves manufactured by the well known firm of Innes Speer & Co 1011 and 1016 Market St, Philadelphia will give unbounded satisfaction to those who have and who does not by the name of those qualities we have enumerated above

We are especially pleased with the superiority of the Anti Clinker Hot Blast Parlor Stove which combines many points of excellence The throws of base burning stoves has been promulgated for nearly half a century The air of ob stacle to the predominant opposition has hitherto been the fact that no adequate means had been provided for removing the slate and clinkers without dumping the fire The invention of Messrs Innes Speer & Co, accomplishes that which others have so long sought for, but had signally failed in attaining—to remove the ashes and clinkers without dropping the fire That with them stoves can be used without dumping public thanks to the old kind of stoves and a convenience kept in the grate

The advantages of this important improvement could be appreciated by those who have experienced frustration and delay common to stoves of the kind

Another subject of this store possesses that the best of the stove is always the It will be seen in the base of all other stoves the fire can only be seen from the top That is objection and therefore tell when the fire needs raking Other particulars might be mentioned that greatly add to its excellence but we do not only ask those of our readers who contemplate purchasing before this fall to call at the warerooms of the firm and examine for themselves

LOCAL PARIS—The New York *Times* says you might as well forget your clothes you read newspapers So it does as to forget your local paper It speaks to ten times the audience that your local paper does It is a duty, dry and cold from beginning to end It reaches you all and if it has a few spicy paragraphs with a sermon in it, it is thousand to one that you don't read it Living on every table in the city there is not dozen newspapers you would do your self a kindness by subscribing for it and you could then investigate any imputations it makes Its influence is necessary to the welfare and comfort of every man, woman and child in the community Its circulation is large and constantly increasing Its columns are open to all parties for the discussion of all questions affecting the public interest Its editorials are fearless and outspoken It has a thousand times better chance to pay for itself than any other paper in the city Its subscription price is only $2 00 a year, and it is worth ten times that amount to every family in the city

A LITERARY CURIOSITY.

It is not unusual to find among the writings of poets some little acrostical waif that intwines in its verses the recollection of some sunny little face, perhaps long ago gone to a home beyond the azure of the skies, or the name of some dear friend interwoven like fragrant flowers in a leafy coronet. Edgar A. Poe gives us a pretty specimen of this kind of verse, using the name of *Frances Osgood Sargent*; but we think there has never been a specimen where genius and grace have been so prettily combined as in the following lines, which are taken from the portfolio of a prominent young poet of New York city, whose name we withhold in consideration of his modesty. By taking the first letter of each line, the last letter of each line and the first letter of the first line, second of the second, third of the third, &c., the same name appears. Also the initial letters of the words in the first line give the name again, with simply, however, the initials of the first two names. This little fragment is entitled:

MY PICTURE.

Still mists rest o'er bright isles, now stray o'er nooks,
Are in its flowing forms within the lea,
Lilies are trembling in the lonely dell,
Lulled by the scented breeze, while each frail bell
Its tinkling music sends a low—*wail!*
Each gentle daisy breathes a sweet perfume
Midst amaranthine buds undying bloom,
And fair as were the robes of lovely Then,
Regal in dress of gold the fields appear,
Sunshine's soft rays sink through the mists, to bless
The brooklet winding through the vale of rest,
Or speak the joy of some meek flower. And lo!
'Neath spreading pines the trembling shadows brown,
Reduces ne ever-changing clouds, now lower
On tender fern whose leaves bend to and fro,
'Blest is the scene, breathing a prayer, though dumb,
Its pæans whispering so grand that I
None others heed. And now through leafy screen
Softly o'erspreading, stray the amber beams
Of sunlight, falling proudly, tingling, too,
Nature and Nature's plains with golden sheen.

[For the Bucks County Gazette.]

A PREACHER OF RIGHTEOUSNESS.

BY MRS. E. D. STEWART.

It was such a glinting of sunshine as my appreciative friend, who witnessed it, told it to me, and has been ever since running through my memory like the refrain of some old sweet song, or the notes of some exquisite tune; waking you in the stillness of the night time, and calling you to listen. You are doubtful for a while whether on the hither or the thither shore of the cold stream. So has it been running in my memory, and playing on my heart strings, till I feel a strong desire to tell my friends, the readers of our good GAZETTE, about it.

My friend came over the "Short Line" the other day, which has been thronged the past month with passengers going to our great Exposition. The car was very full, and among the passengers was a lady, who had been visiting her friends in the East with a baby eighteen or twenty month's old. She expected her husband to come as far as Delaware to meet her, and when the train stopped at Delaware (O.) a large and handsome man stepped on and approached the lady. but before either could speak the baby sprang into his arms shouting, "Papa! papa!" and hugged and kissed him; then shouted "Papa! papa!" then laughed and shouted again. Then it would cuddle its head down on his shoulder close to his neck; then raise up and lean back, and look in his face; then go through with its demonstrations of hugging and kissing, and laughing and shouting. The father was so overcome by the delight of his baby—though he laughed—that the tears ran down his manly cheeks. So absorbing, too, was the baby's joy that it was some time before he could speak to his wife, when he gave her his hand saying; "Oh, my dear!" and stooped and tenderly kissed her. But the baby claimed him again with its rollicking joy which it seemed unable to control. The delighted passengers sat and looked on and laughed, too; some with a moisture in the eye at the thought of some other baby not there; some very likely with a strange feeling of mixed regret, and self-reproach, that such a scene was never their experience, their babies do not manifest such joy at their approach.

"But what has this to do with preaching?" I heard you say. Oh, that gentleman is a preacher. "How do I know?" Why, I will prove by all that car load of interested passengers that he then and there preached the most eloquent sermon on domestic happiness they ever listened to. He gave the auditors unintentionally, of course, an insight into his home life—a glimpse of the happiness that encircles that hearthstone—when papa is there. No man that can so win a baby's love can be very bad; and so winning his baby's, we are sure he has the love and reverence of his wife; and we are sure in the Queen City there is at least one happy home. But, though we feel very much like exhorting after our preacher, we will refrain lest we might weaken the force of that eloquent sermon.

FOOD FOR BABES.

The recommendation of a distinguished New York physician has strongly suggested and brought into view the prediction of an eminent member of the faculty, at the International Temperance Convention, held in London, in September, 1862, the purport of which was "The last stronghold of intemperance will be the medical profession!"

The *Science of Health*, in its October number, has the following judicious strictures on the work lately published by Dr. A. Jacobi, of New York, entitled "Infant Food." This physician is a professor of the diseases of children in the College of Physicians and Surgeons in that city. "Now a professor of infantile pathology may or may not know much about what babes should eat. His professorship only implies a knowledge of their diseases and the treatment of them. But as professors of the diseases of children in general, and Professor Jacobi in particular, assume to instruct us in dietetics as applicable to both sick and well babes, his work has an importance. And this importance is greatly magnified by the fact that the work before us is the substance of a paper read before the Public Health Association of New York, in compliance with a vote of said Association that Dr. A. Jacobi be requested to furnish for the use of the Association a schedule of directions concerning infantile diet in summer, and to present the subject for discussion at a future meeting of the Association."

As we hear no dissent on the part of the Association we must infer that the directions of the Dr. have its official endorsement. And now let us see what Dr. Jacobi and the Public Health Association propose to do for sick and hungry babes. On page 49 we read: "In hot weather mix a few drops of whiskey with either water or food, the whiskey not to exceed a teaspoonful in twenty-four hours."

There is one little fact in this part of the 'schedule' that we fear the Professor has overlooked. The whiskey cure occurs under the head of "nursing babes." How can the whiskey be mixed with the food when the babe takes the food the natural way? Clearly the mother must drink the grog if it is to be 'mixed' for the babe, or else it must be mixed in the babe's stomach. Perhaps the Dr. means to have the babe take its alcoholic medication just before or just after eating, as is the custom of older topers.

Of course there must be some reason for mixing whiskey with whatever a babe eats or drinks in hot weather, and Dr. Jacobi enlightens the Public Health Association of New York in the following words: "In very hot weather the system is no longer normal; a certain degree of debility, of insufficiency, is perceptible in every function. Therein lies the indication for administering a stimulant, partly from its curative partly for its preservative effects."

Whiskey and vinegar, and vinegar and salt are good antiseptics, to preserve onions and cucumbers, plums and tomatoes, but does a baby want preserving? Should it be pickled? Antiseptics are adapted to fixed and inorganic conditions. Onions and cucumbers, plums and tomatoes do not have to grow; babes do. Hence, the less they are antisepticated the better for their vital transformations.

So much for whiskey as a preservative. And how about whiskey as a curative? The babe is abnormal. It has insufficiency in its functions. Whiskey, therefore, is a remedy for abnormality and insufficiency. Then why limit its employment to hot weather? It is well known that babes of all ages, "from the cradle to the grave," are liable to be attacked with abnormality and insufficiency at all seasons of the year. In very fact there are the conditions, in greater or less degree, of the whole human race, summer, winter, spring and autumn. Why not, then, make whiskey a universal panacea?

If only a stimulant is wanted why will not some one of a hundred other stimulants answer as well as whiskey, and not put the babe in the way of becoming a drunkard? And if it is the alcohol of the whiskey that is needed, why will not some other kind of grog medicine do as well as whiskey? say rum, brandy, gin, wine, cider, lager, etc. What is there specific and peculiar about whiskey that especially adapts it to the "delicate susceptibilities" of infants? We suggest, as a proper subject for a prize essay, "The Relations of Whiskey to Babies." W. H. J.

[For the Bucks County Gazette.]

THE CULTURE OF CHOICE FRUITS.

No. 3.

THE PEAR, so far as our practical experience and observation have taught us, when grafted upon pear stocks (commonly called standards), succeed best upon loamy land, lying flat and undrained, and the surface cropped with grass. The pear tree is of a dry nature, with very fine sap-veins; hence its frequent failure on dry lands and in hot climates. In short, aridity is its sure destroyer; and as loamy undrained flat lands hold water in suspense for a long time under the surface, and the grass attracts the night dews largely, and as this is evaporated by the heat of the sun, it forms a moist atmosphere around the trees, which is very beneficial to them.

Before planting, the land should be deeply tilled, and well harrowed and rolled. Dig deep and wide holes for the roots and pulverize the soil well.

It may please the "well-to-do" amateur to grow pears upon quince stocks; but they are not, (excepting under very favorable circumstances and a ready, liberal market,) suited for farmers who grow them for profit.

EARLY RIPENING VARIETIES.

Bartlet, Beurre Giffard, Tyson, Bloodgood, Washington, Dearborn's Seedling.

FALL VARIETIES.

Belle Lucrative, Beurre d'Anjou, Seckel, Howell, Stevens' Genesee, Duchesse d'Angouleme, Flemish Beauty, Buffum, Beurre Clairgeau, Sheldon.

WINTER VARIETIES.

Winter Nelis, Columbia, Glout Morceau.

Farmers who grow for *profit*, should only grow such varieties as will sell just after being picked from the trees. Pears are not so easy to keep as apples, but most of the varieties increase in beauty and good flavor by being kept a fortnight after being picked, and command a remunerating price and ready market. It is a good and advisable practice to spread newspapers or strips of carpet upon a dry floor, and place the pears thinly thereon; then cover them with newspapers or a thin sheet. Pick all that can be reached, by hand, and on the afternoons of dry days. W. E.

[For the Bucks County Gazette.]

TRANSPLANTING.

Where a plant of any kind is dug up from where it had grown, it suffers an "amputation," from having some of its roots cut off; it is therefore sick and needs nursing. So, in replanting it, a hole should be dug larger than the circumference of its roots, and the soil should be finely cut up and aerated to put about its roots, so that they will push out new fibres readily to sustain a fresh growth. A plant with its roots out of the ground, is like a fish out of water; it is suffering—so the shorter the time it is out of the ground the less it suffers, and the surer it will grow. Therefore in getting plants from nurseries, have them quickly transplanted. Before their arrival have trenches dug; when received, unpack the plants and set them with their roots in the trenches, and cover the roots with soil; then dig the holes where they are to be set to grow; take them from the trenches and plant them with all speed. Put a mulch over the roots after planting, which will prevent the frost going both too quickly into the soil and too quickly out, which would upheave the plants—that is, if the planting is done in the fall. In transplanting in spring, the mulch will retard evaporation from the soil, which will remain longer moist, and the roots will throw out new fibres the more readily, and assist the plant to grow more the first year. Apply water to the roots of (especially) trees and shrubs, during the first summer after transplanting, and success is almost certain.

It will be observed, that this watchful labor and care is nursing sick patients. It matters not whether the plants are trees, bushes or herbaceous growths—all require care.

In ordering plants from nurseries, state emphatically—*I want the roots along with stems and branches*;—then bestow full labor and care upon the planting, and all grievous disappointments will be averted, as all the plants will grow well. W. E.

An Illinois correspondent of the *Country Gentleman*, who usually puts his statements in a very positive form, says "the suggestion that we have overdone the business of deep plowing has been accepted to a surprising extent in the West. It is beginning to be understood that the active powers and forces which stimulate and promote vegetable growth are confined to the surface and to a very few inches below it. There are those who claim that if the soil can be stirred without being inverted, and cultivated and kept clean, so much the better. However, the exigencies of cultivation require the soil should be turned over; but three inches is better than four, while five inches or six, or seven, so buries the plant food as to nearly ruin the land. In these remarks I confine myself to such experiences as have been had with our prairie."

A farmers' club in Mercer has resolved: "That we cut ourselves loose from all political organizations and denounce our officials in their late salary grabs as unworthy the confidence of an honest people, and that our vote shall hereafter be cast to aid progressive labor in its onward and triumphant march to the ruling of all the Government departments of the land."

SOLAR HEAT AS A TOOL.—During the recent building of a bridge in Holland, one of the traverses, 405 feet long, was misplaced on the supports. It was an inch out of line, and the problem was how to move it. Experiment proved that the iron expanded a small fraction of an inch for every degree of heat it received. It was noticed that the night and day temperature differed about twenty-five degrees, and it was thought this might be made to move the bridge. In the morning the end out of place was bolted down securely and the other end left free. In the heat of the sun the iron expanded, and toward night the free end was bolted down, and the opposite end was loosened. The contraction then dragged the whole thing the other way. For two days this experiment was repeated, till the desired place was reached. We find no record that the heat of the sun has ever been employed in this way before, but the contraction and expansion of iron bars by fire heat has already been used to move heavy weights over short distances. Broken walls and strained roofs and arches have been brought into place by simply heating iron rods till they expanded, then taking up the slack by screws and nuts, and allowing contraction by cold to pull the wall or roof into place.

To keep warm on a cold day the women double the Cape, and the men double the Horn.

Announcement of betrothals forms an engaging department of one of the New York papers.

Cucumber raisers in Illinois are in a pickle because the vines are cucumbered with bugs.

The fruit of egotism—The apple of your eye.

[For the Bucks County Gazette.]

GRAMINEÆ, OR, THE GRASS TRIBE.

BY NEWTON PECK.

No. 2.

In the warmer parts of the temperate zone the grasses appear to form a smaller part of vegetation; for, in the extra-tropical parts of Australia they form from 1-24 to 1-25; at the Cape 1-35; in Greece 1-15 to 1-16; in the Canary Islands 1-12 to 1-13; in the Crimea and Caucasus 1-14 to 1-15; in Naples 1-11 to 1-12; in France 1-13, and in Egypt (where, however, the circumstances are peculiarly favorable) 1-18. Further north the relative numbers seem to rise somewhat higher;—in Germany 1-13; in Great Britain 1-11 to 1-12; in Denmark 1-10 to 1-11; in Scandinavia 1-10 to 1-11; in Kamschatka 1-7 to 1-8; in Lapland, 1-10; in Iceland 1-8 to 1-9; in Greenland 1-8 to 1-9; in North America, according to Parsh, 1-14 to 1-15. But, since Parsh did not make a comparison in the United States alone, or without the other portions of North America, it is highly probable that the grasses in the United States have a higher ratio than that of the whole of North America. It is likely that the quotient would stand at about 1-12. We may perhaps assume as a medium for the warmer parts of the temperate zone, 1-12 to 1-14; for the colder, together with the polar regions, 1-8 to 1-10. That in almost every Flora the quotient is considerably higher than in the works of Persoon and of Romer and Shultes, affords another proof that, in the rule, the distribution of the grasses is more extensive than that of the other phanerogamic plants.

In Southern Europe the number of the grasses seems to diminish according to the elevation, for, in the Alpine Flora, they are only 1-18. Their distribution according to elevation does not therefore accord with that of latitude.

A detailed representation of the distribution of the grasses under cultivation would certainly be very interesting. Here we must restrict ourselves to a short and general outline. We shall endeavor to specify those grasses which are the prevailing ones in the large zones and continents, mentioning, in passing, those plants of other families which either supply the place of or are associated with the different kinds of grain, as the chief article of food. This distribution is determined not merely by climate, but depends on the civilization, industry and traffic of the people, and on historical events.

Within the northern polar circle, agriculture is found only in a few places. In Siberia, grain reaches, at the utmost, only to 60°; in the eastern parts, scarcely to 55°; and, in Kamschatka there is no agriculture, even in the southern parts (51°). The polar limit of agriculture on the north-west coast of North America appears to be somewhat higher; for, in sections along 57° to 58° north, barley and rye come to maturity. On the east coast of North America it is scarcely above 50° to 52°. Only in Europe, namely, in Lapland, are any of the grasses cultivated to a very high latitude. Here we find them at 70°. Beyond this, dried fish and here and there potatoes supply the place of grain.

The grains which extend farthest to the north in Europe are barley and oats. These, which in the milder climates are not used for bread, afford to the inhabitants of the northern parts of Norway and Sweden, of a part of Siberia and Scotland, their chief vegetable nourishment.

Rye is the next which becomes associated with these. This is the prevailing grain in a great part of the northern temperate zone; namely, in the south of Sweden and Norway, Denmark, and in all the lands bordering on the Baltic; the north of Germany and part of Siberia. In the latter, another very nutritious grain, viz: buckwheat, is very frequently cultivated. In the same zone, where rye prevails, wheat is also generally to be found—barley being here chiefly cultivated for the manufacture of beer, and oats supplying food for horses.

To these, there follows a zone in Europe and Western Asia, where rye disappears, and wheat almost exclusively furnishes bread. The middle or the South of France, England, part of Scotland, a part of Germany, Hungary, the Crimea and Caucasus, as also the lands of Middle Asia, where agriculture is followed, belong to this zone. Here the vine also is found. Wine supplies the place of beer, and barley consequently is less raised.

Next comes a district where wheat still abounds, but no longer exclusively furnishes bread, rice and maize becoming frequent. To this zone belong Portugal, Spain, part of France on the Mediterranean, Italy and Greece; farther, the countries of the East, Persia, Northern India, Arabia, Egypt, Nubia, Barbary, and the Canary Islands. In these latter countries, however, the culture of maize or rice towards the south is always more considerable, and in some of these, several kinds of sorghum (*doura*) and the poa Abyssinica come to be added.—The genus to which the *poa Abyssinica* belongs is one of vast importance, comprehending numerous species, and at least *forty* of these have been described as belonging to North America. In both these regions of wheat, rye occurs only at a considerable elevation; oats, however, more seldom, and at last entirely disappear—barley affording food for horses and mules.

In the eastern parts of the temperate zone of the Old Continent, in China and Japan, our northern kinds of grain are very unfrequent, and rice is found to predominate. The cause of this difference between the East and the West of the Old Continent appears to be in the manners and peculiarities of the people. In North America wheat and rye grow as in Europe, but more sparingly, if we except the United States. Fifty to sixty years ago New England produced bountiful crops of wheat, but at the present time this kind of grain cannot easily be raised in that region. If the cause of this difference be sought, possibly it may be found in the fact that the New England soil has been partly exhausted of its potash and lime. In clearing their lands the early settlers used to burn most of the timber, where the trees had been cut down—consequently large quantities of ashes were scattered over the soil. The first product after the clearing of the land was generally *wheat*; and this, finding an abundance of potash in the soil, was stimulated to a very luxuriant growth, and was rarely injured by "smut," or by insects.

Indian corn is more raised in the Western than in the Old Continent; and rice is cultivated to some extent in South Carolina, Florida, Georgia, Alabama, and Mississippi.

In the torrid zone, Indian corn predominates in America, rice in Asia, and both these grains in nearly equal quantity in Africa. The case of this distribution is, without doubt, historical: for Asia is the native country of rice, and America is generally supposed to be the original home of Indian corn. Still this matter is not decided, since no botanist has yet found this grain growing wild. Besides this, the Sanders found the maize cultivated along the river Niger by tribes of people that never before had seen Europeans. It consequently seems probable that this grain, grown plentifully in the interior of Africa, from 500 to 1500 miles from the ocean, must have been indigenous to that region. In some situations, especially in the neighborhood of the tropics, wheat is also met with, but more sparingly and always subordinate to other kinds of grain. Besides rice and maize, there are in the torrid zone several kinds of grain as well as other plants, which supply the inhabitants with food, either with them, or as their substitutes.

The first nautical person alluded to in the Scriptures is said to be Eve, because she was the first mate.

A prudent clergyman, unwilling to accuse a citizen of lying, said he used the truth with penurious frugality.

Can a woman be said to aspire to her husband's treasure when she pants for her rights?

Michievous teaching—Modoctrine.

THE DOCTOR IN LOVE.

Bewitching, beauteous, cruel Jane McSparrow!
My bosom's lord no longer its own lord is;
Inspired by thee, Dan Cupid's fatal arrow
Has pierced my apex cordis.

No knock I heed, nor answer any call,
No action have in ilium or duodenum;
Spleen, pancreas, colon, stomach, liver, all
Have something very odd in 'em.

My outward size is fitted to receive;
By stays and padding I'm a hollow sham;
My inward sighs with painful labor heave
My wasted diaphragm.

My brachials are gone, my deltoid dwindles;
This pectoralis major's all unreal;
These shanks so shapely once, are now but spindles
From lack of popliteal.

Massaters and molars have no further use;
For weeks a score I've fed on thinnest gruel;
Gone is the function of the gastric juice,
For want of fuel.

Of best prescriptions I have taken twenty—
"Spts. vin. gal."—(I hardly dare exhibit 'em!)
"Decoct. Hord, Oct. I. ter in die," "Spiritus Frumenti
Capo ad libitum."

But all in vain—a cadaver—
I hasten toward that tenement so narrow;
Foredoomed I am, since fated not to have her,
Sweet, cruel Jane McSparrow.

THE HOUSEKEEPER.

SCALDING TIN CANS.—A correspondent of the Philadelphia *Ledger* gives a method of closing tin cans, which he states completely obviates the usual difficulties of unsealing. Take one pound of rosin and a tablespoonful of lard and melt them together, the lard rendering the rosin less brittle when cold. After filling the can with fruit, place the tin cap in position, then take a piece of strong muslin larger than the opening in the can, smear one surface with the melted rosin, and fit smoothly and accurately over the tin cap; when cool, smear the upper surface of the muslin with the rosin. The can is readily opened with the application of hot water. Glass jars, it is stated, may be sealed in the same way. The above method has been tried for several years, and, it is asserted, has effectually preserved the canned fruit from the air, while allowing ready access to the contents of the vessels.

RICH PUMPKIN-PIE.—Sift into a pan three-quarters of a pound of flour, and another on a plate. Beat the whites of two eggs to a stiff froth, and mix them with a wine-glass or more of cold water. With this wet the flour to a stiff paste, and forming it into a lump, beat it on all sides with a rolling pin. Then lay it on the paste board, and roll it into a thin sheet. Use the extra quarter of flour for sprinkling and rolling. Have ready three-quarters of pound of good butter, divided into three portions. Cover the sheet with one portion of the butter placed all over it in small pieces, and laid at equal distances. Then sprinkle on a little flour; fold up the sheet of paste; flour it slightly when folded; roll it out again, and put on in the same the manner another portion of butter; then flour it slightly; fold it up; roll it out again, and then put on the third division of butter. Then fold it, and give it a hard, final rolling, always moving the rolling-pin *from* instead of *toward* you. The paste will then be ready to fill with pumpkin custard.

Pass a pint of well stewed pumpkin through a colander, and add a pint of cream; add eight eggs thoroughly beaten. Then stir in a teaspoonful of powdered cinnamon and a grated nutmeg (ginger or lemon may be preferred to these), adding sugar according to taste. Lay the paste in a buttered dish, and fill with the custard. Bake in a brisk oven three-quarters of an hour.

PAPERING.

It is a matter of doubt why housekeepers as a general rule do most of the house papering in the spring rather than in the fall of the year. There does not seem to be any good reason why such a course should be adopted. In the first place rooms are newly papered to give them a more tidy appearance. In the spring there is enough out of doors to attract the eye; the windows are almost invariably open, and if one sits down in the house in preference to taking a seat on the lawn or piazza, it is usually by the window to get a view of the green fields, flowers, trees, or something outside of the house. The papers on the walls attract little attention and deserves little. In the fall and winter everything outside is dreary and bleak, and this should be made up by having the living rooms of the house as cosy and pleasant as possible. The paper that was put on in the spring has lost its attractions for the eye now, however much it may have been admired when first laid. It has become soiled in spots and these untidy places are the first to catch the eye. If the paper had been put on in the fall its brightness would have remained until spring, and in the summer it is not essential. Paper in a room adds a great deal to its comfort. It is a poor conductor of heat and will more than pay its cost in the saving of fuel. The paste fills many of the cracks in the wall through which the cold air of winter would drive, and prevents drafts from which colds and sore throats arise. In fall papering we have no appearance of the mosquito corpses slain by a sleepless victim in a state of desperation, nor are we constantly reminded of those pests, the flies. The wall remains brightest and freshest when we most wish to see bright and fresh things.

Now, about paper. Cheap paper is always the dearest. Those cheap kinds, costing from fifteen to twenty-five cents per roll are always a yard or two short, so that in reality nothing is gained by purchasing these poor grades, and a paper worth less than thirty-five or forty cents hardly repays laying. If you wish to be as frugal as possible select a paper with a stripe "with no match" to it, and in place of a border take the remnants, cut out the stripe and miter it at the top and bottom of the room. It gives a neat appearance and looks like panel work. In this way your room is more ornamental—you save the paper and use up the waste pieces that are of no value for anything else.

Now, about putting on the paper. The essential is a good paste, and the following rule for making that article is the best and far the cheapest we have ever seen or used: Take eighteen pounds of bole, finely powdered and softened in water. Then boil a pound and a quarter of common glue until it is thoroughly dissolved and stir in the bole with two pounds of gypsum. The whole mass is then to be forced through a sieve. This may then be diluted with water to the consistency of a thin paste. It is not only better and cheaper than ordinary flour paste, but will adhere to walls that have been whitewashed. Cut enough of the paper in strips the desired length to cover the entire room. Take boards the length of the paper and place them upon stools the right hight to enable you to reach across the boards easily. Place the cut paper on these boards face down and with a soft brush apply the paste. When a strip has been pasted fold the lower end about one-third the way up to keep it from sticking to the wall at the bottom, and you can sight down the inner edge and see when you have it true with the casing or last piece laid. Then fasten it at the top. For working it against the wall don't use a cloth, take a whitewash brush and carefully brush the paper to its place.

These directions may be old to some of our readers, but it cost the writer a vast amount of trouble and possibly some scolding before they were found out and put in practice. By following these directions, especially that in regard to folding the lower edge of the paper over and letting it adhere to the body of the paper, one can do the otherwise unpleasant job of papering alone and all help is superfluous. By using the brush in place of the cloth air places will be avoided and the paper will not be soiled by paste which sticks to a cloth.

During the reign of James III of Scotland, and at his court, there lived a man double above the waist and single below that region. The King caused him to be carefully brought up. He rapidly acquired a knowledge of music; the two heads learned several languages; they debated together, and the halves occasionally fought. They lived, generally, however, in the greatest harmony. When the lower part of the body was tickled, the two individuals felt it together, but when, on the other hand, one of the upper individuals was touched, he alone felt the effect. This monstrous being died at the age of 28 years. One of the bodies died several days before the other. Of twins who have united back to back, the best known instance is that of the two Hungarian sisters, Helen and Judith, who were thus fixed; they were born in 1700 and died in Presburg in 1723, aged 23. Some disorders they had separately; others, as small-pox and measles, together. Judith always feeble, sank under disease of heart and chest; Helen, who preserved health well to the last, felt her own self suddenly fail, though her speech remained entire, and, after a brief death struggle, she died with her.

It is said that while "beauxs" are permitted to go on in the way they are bent, "belles" are expected to go on in the way they are "told."

New discoveries of tin are reported near Ogden, Utah. The Government has, ore and ore, encouraged the discovery of such mines.

The wool harvest has commenced in the country. If farmers cut the sheep in removing the fleece it is done by sheer carelessness.

The region around the Red River of the North raises four splendid crops annually—snow, ice, water, and mosquitoes.

Ten thousand dollars was recently paid in Kansas for a heifer. This comes very near our notion of the golden calf.

A man may live in a garret and still not be a room-attic.

JAMES WRIGHT,
Radcliffe and Market Sts.,
BRISTOL,
IS NOW OFFERING A COMPLETE ASSORTMENT OF
DRESS GOODS,
CLOTHS,
CASSIMERES,
FLANNELS,
Table Linen, &c.,
All of which are very choice goods, put down at the VERY LOWEST PRICES.
Hamburg Edgings and Insertings,
Honey-Comb and Marseilles Quilts,
Oil-Cloths, 4-4, 5-4, 6-4, 8-4.
CARPETS;
Window Shades;
all new and beautiful goods, and of choice patterns.
TRUNKS, BOOTS AND SHOES.
ALSO A FULL LINE OF
CHOICE GROCERIES,
Comprising everything usually to be had at first-class country stores. 74

SOMETHING NEW.
RICKARDS' CORN GRATER,
for Grating Green Corn.
Call and see it at
C. C. DOUGLASS',
61 61 Mill St., Bristol.

PEIRCE BROTHERS,
WASHINGTON STREET, BRISTOL PA.,
DEALERS IN
COAL,
WOOD,
LIME,
SAND,
BRICK,
Curb & Building Stone,
TERRA COTTA PIPES,
Chimney Tops,
Garden Vases in variety.

BUILDING LOTS
FOR SALE,
On Dorrance, Jefferson Avenue, Lafayette and Pond Streets.
Houses Erected
by Contract.
49

AT NO. 61 MILL ST., BRISTOL,
PERSONS IN WANT OF
TINWARE
of the best quality and manufacture, will find it at
C. C. DOUGLASS'
Stove & Tinware Store.
ROOFING and JOBBING done on the best of terms. 63

CHARLES WOLLARD,
Contractor & Builder,
Washington St., bet. Cedar & Wood Sts.,
BRISTOL, PA.
HOUSES BUILT BY CONTRACT,
and all kinds of Carpenter Work promptly executed.
☞ Satisfaction guaranteed. 61

HEPWORTH & COLLINS,
PLUMBERS,
STEAM AND GAS FITTERS,
at Foot of Market Street,
BRISTOL, PA.,
KEEP CONSTANTLY ON HAND
GAS FIXTURES,
LAMPS,
Lead Pipe,
Sheet Lead,
WASH BASINS,
Bath Tubs,
PUMPS,
Hydraulic Rams,
WIND-MILLS, &C.
42

MRS. J. MERRICK BROWN,
No. 47 Mill St., 2d door below Wood St.,
BRISTOL, PA.,
HAS JUST RECEIVED A NEW SUPPLY OF
DRESS GOODS,
Trimmings, Embroidery, Laces,
VELVETS, VELVETEENS, HOOP SKIRTS,
CORSETS, PERFUMERY,
STATIONERY, &c.
Complete assortment Ribbons, all widths and shades.
Very superior KID GLOVES, $1 per pair.
ALSO,
Whitman's Choice Confectionery.
☞ Making my purchases for cash, and selling for small profits, I am enabled to sell at less than Philadelphia prices. 65

DYEING AND SCOURING.
The undersigned is prepared to Dye and Scour
Coats, Pants, Vests; also Dresses,
SHAWLS, CLOAKS, &c.,
at less than ruling city prices, and nowhere excelled by more thorough cleansing or carefulness of garments from injury.
JOHN D. DETLEFSON,
66 41 Wood Street, Bristol.

LAIRD'S
BLOOM OF YOUTH
BEAUTIFIES THE COMPLEXION.
This delightful and harmless toilet preparation is undoubtedly the best in the world for preserving the Skin and Beautifying the Complexion. It will remove Tan, Freckles, and all discolorations from the skin, leaving it beautifully white, soft, smooth and clear. Sold by all Druggists and Fancy Goods dealers. Depot 5 Gold street, New York. 79

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DRAPER,
TAILOR, and
OUTFITTER.
WEDDING GARMENTS a specialty.
10 p. ct. discount to clergymen.
1224 Broadway,
NEW YORK.
R. WORNOCK, FOREMAN,
Late with Henry Poole & Co., London.
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BRISTOL BOARDING SCHOOL
FOR GIRLS.
S. H. Peirce & Sisters.
This School, established in 1862, is located in the BOROUGH OF BRISTOL, PA.,
On the Delaware River, twenty miles above Philad'a.
The situation is pleasant and healthful, and is unsurpassed in convenience of access.
Admitting but a limited number of Boarders, the care, both mental and physical, is that of a well regulated family. Every effort made to secure a thorough education, thus fitting the pupils for a useful and practical life.
The SCHOOL YEAR consists of Forty Weeks,
COMMENCING
the Second Tuesday in September.
The School is vacated during the Christmas Holidays.
For Circulars address,
41 R. A. PEIRCE.

Closing Out of Summer Goods.
PACIFIC PERCALES, BROWN Dress Linens, Victoria Lawns, Swisses, Piques, Cords, Stripes, Hamburg Edgings, Ties, Collars, Cuffs, English Chintzes, Striped Calicos, Grass Cloths, &c.
ALPACAS, CASSIMERES, and all the leading makes of MUSLINS, constantly selling at low figures at
28 M. A. WALMSLEY'S, Bristol.

A. E. BAYLIES'
Practical Watch-maker
and Jeweler,
AND DEALER IN WATCHES, JEWELRY, SILVER WARE, &c.,
Mill St., above Wood, Bristol, Pa.
Watches of every description repaired in a superior manner. 57

JAMES P. WOOD & CO.,
41 SOUTH FOURTH STREET,
PHILADELPHIA,
Low Pressure Steam and Hot Water Heating Apparatus, with Gold's Patent Cast-Iron Radiators. Wood's American Kitchener, and Paris Ranges.
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☞ Steam Fitting in all its branches.
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Newportville Ahead!

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☞ The public are respectfully invited to inspect my stock. 45

CARPETS
Washed and Scoured at
Livingston Mills,
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SLATE MANTELS
ESTABLISHED 1853.
Of the latest and most beautiful designs; and all other Slate Work on hand or made to order.
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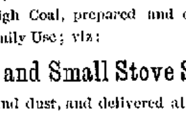
At J. Milnor's Store,
Corner of Wood and Washington Streets,
BRISTOL, PA.,
Can always be found a full line of
Fine Groceries and Provisions,
consisting in part of
DRIED BEEF, PREPARED HAM, BUTTER, LARD, TEAS and COFFEE,
And in fact, everything in the Grocery Line. 24

BRISTOL MILLS.
J. & A. DORRANCE,
Flour, Grist, Saw &
Planing Mills.
FARMERS and others will please bear in mind, that our facilities are such, that we can furnish
LUMBER
AT LOWER PRICES THAN CAN BE PURCHASED ELSEWHERE
IN THE COUNTY.
Also
COAL
Constantly on hand, well screened, picked, and under cover. 43

ELLWOOD DORON'S
LUMBER AND COAL
YARD,
FOOT OF MARKET ST., BRISTOL, PA.,
Now contains a large assortment of
SEASONED WHITE PINE BOARDS and PLANK, of all grades;
WHITE and YELLOW PINE FLOORING;
PLANED AND UNPLANED SIDING;
HEMLOCK BOARDS AND FENCING;
JOIST AND SCANTLING;
LATHS, PICKETS;
CEDAR AND CYPRESS SHINGLES;
OAK and CHESTNUT POSTS and RAILS.
☞ BUILDERS, and all persons contemplating building, will find it to their advantage to call and examine my Stock, and entire satisfaction will be given, not only in the quality of the material, but also in the *PRICE*.

COAL. COAL.
Always on hand, and under cover, a full supply of best quality Lehigh Coal, prepared and carefully screened, for Family Use; viz:
Egg, Stove, and Small Stove Sizes:
free from slate and dust, and delivered at shortest notice,
always at the very lowest ruling prices.
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED
IN EVERY PARTICULAR.
LIME,
HAIR,
Calcined Plaster,
Terra-Cotta Chimney-Tops, &c.
☞ Don't forget the place. ☜
26 *FOOT OF MARKET ST., BRISTOL.*

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We wish particularly to call attention this season to
OUR STOCK OF
DRY-GOODS,
CARPETS,
AND
OIL-CLOTHS,
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Wall Papers, Window Shades,
&c. &c. &c.
OUR STOCK OF
Dress Goods
is complete. Everything new, stylish and durable.
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BLACK CRAPE AND VEILS, BLACK SILKS,
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GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS
IN ENDLESS VARIETY.
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in variety.
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A FULL STOCK ALWAYS READY.
ALSO AGENCY FOR
Mme. Demorest's
reliable Patterns.
The assortment comprises all the standard and useful Styles, together with New and Elegant Designs
IN THE
SUMMER AND FALL.
23

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DEALERS IN
FURNITURE,
Upholstery,
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Elastic SPONGE
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of all kinds bought and sold.
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Gold, Stocks, Bonds,
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Bought and sold on Commission.
Accounts of Banks, Bankers and Individuals, received on favorable terms. 18

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In connection with their own large assortment, they are agents for all other makes of
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and it is only necessary for the printer to name the founder or factor from whose Specimen Book the selection is made, to insure his order filled accurately and promptly.
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☞ ESTIMATES for Newspaper and Job Printing Offices furnished on application.
The type on which this paper is printed came from the foundry of
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RETAILED AT WHOLESALE PRICES.
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319 *North Second Street, Philadelphia,*
HAS now opened for the Fall Trade, a full assortment of FRENCH and ENGLISH CHINA; White Gold Band and Fancy Decorated Tea, Dinner and Toilet Ware; also, a large Stock best quality English Stone China Tea, Dinner and Toilet Sets, complete. GLASS WARE of every description and quality. TABLE CUTLERY, CASTORS, SILVER PLATED WARE, at manufacturers' prices.
☞ Housekeepers and persons wanting outfits, supplied at the lowest wholesale rates. Goods carefully packed, and guaranteed to give satisfaction. 12

House and Sign
PAINTING,
WALL PAINTING,
GRAINING,
GLAZING.
None but the best materials used.
HORATIO I. KURTZ.
☞ Under the Post-Office. 30

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PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
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CARRIAGE MANUFACTURER,
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CONSTANTLY on hand a fine selection of Carriages of all styles and descriptions, guaranteed to give satisfaction.
FALLTOPS, JENNY LINDS, GERMANTOWNS, STORE and EXPRESS Wagons; and in fact anything in this line of business, furnished at lowest possible prices consistent with good workmanship and material used.
Any style of Carriage or Wagon made to order at short notice.
REPAIRING promptly attended to. Address or call on
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Clothing! Clothing!
IF you want to buy your FALL CLOTHING, and HATS AND CAPS cheap, go to
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We have also a full line of GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS.
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WHITE SHIRTS A SPECIALTY.
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Where you can buy your GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, NOTIONS, and CONFECTIONERIES, very cheap;—consisting in part of Sugars, Coffees, Teas, Syrups, Molasses, Lard, Butter, &c. Housekeepers' Wares, such as Brushes, &c., with a variety of Soaps. BUCKETS, Brooms, Baskets, &c. Also, assortments of Canned Fruits, Dried Fruits, Raisins, Prunes, Figs, Nuts, &c. &c. COAL OIL constantly on hand; and a general supply of things usually kept in a first class Grocery Store, at
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P.S. The highest market price paid for COUNTRY PRODUCE. 14

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VIZ:
Teas— Fine Formosa Oolong—the best in town for One Dollar per lb. Good Oolong, 80 cts. Imperial, Young Hyson, Japan, &c.
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ALL SELECTED WITH GREAT CARE,
and guaranteed to give satisfaction in every particular.
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Cor. Mifflin and Swain Streets,
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Mastic Cement Roofer.
Old Shingled Roofs Covered
Without removing the Shingles.
Gravel Roofs repaired and made water-tight.
☞ All work warranted, and satisfaction guaranteed. 56

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MILTON WEBSTER,
MILL STREET,
Near Canal Bridge, Bristol, Pa.,
KEEPS always a good quality of Beef, Veal, Mutton, &c., and is
PROMPTLY ON HAND EVERY MORNING,
to supply the wants of his customers. He asks the patronage of his old friends and the public generally. 47

JOHN TAYLOR,
Corner Mill & Cedar Sts., Bristol, Pa.,
BEGS leave to inform his old friends and customers that he keeps any thing the people need in the way of
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SHARP SHOOTING.
PRIDE OF BRISTOL.
At No. 69 Mill Street,
5 ct. SEGARS
inferior to none for the money, and all others equally good. Also
SMOKING AND CHEWING TOBACCOS
of the best brands,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.
What I miss in quantity, I will make up in quality.
Try them. A. LIPPINCOTT,
32 PROPRIETOR.

WEVILL'S
Compound Syrup of Blackberry Root,
for Diarrhœa, and other affections arising from a relaxed condition of the bowels in adults or children.
This preparation of *Blackberry Root*, (in combination with other astringents and aromatics), has been extensively used for a number of years with most gratifying results, and is highly recommended by many physicians.
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DEALER IN
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AND
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A full line of fine Groceries and Vegetables in season.
☞ COUNTRY PRODUCE taken in exchange.
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MANUFACTURER OF AND DEALER IN
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The finest and latest Styles of work for
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